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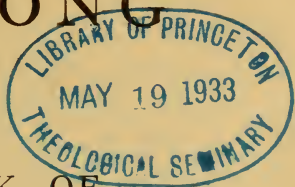
YEAR-BOOK OF CHEER

*AS the bird trims her to the gale,  
I trim myself to the storm of time,  
I man the rudder, reef the sail,  
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:  
"Lowly faithful, banish fear,  
Right onward drive unbarmed;  
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
And every wave is charmed."*

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

✓✓

# DAILY SONG



A YEAR-BOOK OF  
SPIRITUAL CHEER

HODDER & STOUGHTON  
NEW YORK  
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## PREFACE

**T**HE purpose of this gathering of verse is to offer a helpful thought or sentiment for every day in the year. Whether it be of joy in Nature, comfort under various distresses, aspiration, prayer, thanksgiving, views of life — both humorous, philosophic, radiant and sombre, with the gaiety of child-life, the depth of maturity, and the serenity of age — the aim is one: spiritual cheer.

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*Daily Song*



SELF-EXAMINATION

FROM "THE CHURCH PORCH"

**B**Y all means use sometimes to be alone.  
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.  
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own;  
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.  
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,  
He breaks up house, turns out of doores his mind.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;  
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.  
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay  
And growth of it: if with thy watch that too  
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be  
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man,  
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.  
Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span  
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy wo.  
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:  
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

GEORGE HERBERT

## THE PRESENT

FROM "SPHINX"

WHY mourn we for the golden prime  
 When our young souls *were* kingly, strong, and true?  
 The soul is greater than all time,  
 It changes not, but yet is ever new.

But that the soul is noble, we  
 Could never know what nobleness had been;  
 Be what ye dream! and earth shall see  
 A greater greatness than she e'er hath seen.

Nothing in Nature weeps its lot,  
 Nothing, save man, abides in memory,  
 Forgetful that the Past is what  
 Ourselves may choose the coming time to be.

There is no heart-beat in the day,  
 Which bears a record of the smallest deed,  
 But holds within its faith always  
 That which in doubt we vainly strive to read.

God bless the Present! it is ALL;  
 It has been Future, and it shall be Past;  
 Awake and live! thy strength recall,  
 And in one trinity unite them fast.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THOUGHTS FROM GOETHE

GOD

WHAT were a God outside creation dwelling,  
Its motion by His outward touch compelling?  
Nay, God within informs and stirs all nature,  
And in Him lives and moves His every creature;  
And since all things within Him live and move,  
Forevermore they feel His power and love.

LOSSES

Pelf hast thou lost? 'Tis something lost;  
Thou must begin anew to win.  
Is honor lost? Too much is lost;  
Yet glory gain, wipe out the stain!  
Is courage lost? Then all is lost!  
And life itself not worth the cost.

LIFE

Wouldst thou mark out a life of joy?  
Let not the past thy soul annoy;  
Let not thy losses give thee trouble,  
But rather eager zeal redouble.

Each day's demands with courage ask;  
Each day will set its stated task;  
And if success bring thee delight,  
Allow thy neighbor equal right.

Above all, see thou no man hate,  
And early serve thy God, and late.

TRANS. OF WILLIAM ADDISON HOUGHTON

## OPPORTUNITY

**M**ASTER of human destinies am I.  
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I penetrate,  
Deserts and seas remote; and passing by  
Hovel, and mart, and palace — soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,  
Seek me in vain, and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and I return no more!

JOHN JAMES INGALLS



## OPPORTUNITY

**T**HEY do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!  
Each night I burn the records of the day —  
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and  
weep;  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can."  
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,  
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?  
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,  
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

WALTER MALONE

## SNOW — A WINTER SKETCH

**T**HE blessed morn has come again;  
The early gray  
Taps at the slumberer's window-pane,  
And seems to say,  
Break, break from the enchanter's chain  
Away, away!

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound  
Along the air  
Of winds along their battle-ground;  
But gently there  
The snow is falling, — all around  
How fair, how fair!

RALPH HOYT

## WINTER

FROM "THE SENSITIVE PLANT"

**F**OR winter came: the wind was his whip:  
One choppy finger was on his lip:  
He had torn the cataracts from the hills  
And they clankt at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound  
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;  
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne  
By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic zone.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon  
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn;  
The sap shrank to the root thro' every pore,  
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

## PROCRASTINATION

FROM "NIGHT THOUGHTS"

**B**E wise to-day: 'tis madness to defer;  
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;  
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.  
Procrastination is the thief of time;  
Year after year it steals till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?  
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.  
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears  
The palm, "That all men are about to live" —  
For ever on the brink of being born.  
All pay themselves the compliment to think  
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride  
On this reversion takes up ready praise;  
At least, their own; their future selves applaud.  
How excellent that life — they ne'er will lead!  
Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails,  
That lodged in fate's to wisdom they consign;  
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.  
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;  
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.  
All promise is poor dilatory man.

EDWARD YOUNG

## LOSS IN DELAY

**S**HUN delays, they breed remorse;  
Take thy time while time is lent thee;  
Creeping snails have weakest force,  
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.  
Good is best when soonest wrought  
Linger'd labors come to nought.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,  
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;  
Seek not time when time is past,  
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure.  
After-wits are dearly bought,  
Let thy forewit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,  
Take thy hold on his forehead;  
When he flies he turns no more,  
And behind his scalp's naked.  
Works adjourn'd have many stays,  
Long demurs breed new delays.

Crush the serpent in the head,  
Break ill eggs ere they be hatch'd;  
Kill bad chickens in the tread,  
Fledged, they hardly can be catch'd.  
In the rising stifle ill,  
Lest it grow against thy will.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

## FACE THE FUTURE

FROM "LATER LIFE"

**W**E lack, yet cannot fix upon the lack:  
Not this, nor that; yet somewhat, certainly.  
We see the things we do not yearn to see  
Around us: and what see we glancing back?  
Lost hopes that leave our hearts upon the rack,  
Hopes that were never ours yet seem'd to be,  
For which we steer'd on life's salt stormy sea  
Braving the sunstroke and the frozen pack.  
If thus to look behind is all in vain,  
And all in vain to look to left or right,  
Why face we not our future once again,  
Launching with hardier hearts across the main,  
Straining dim eyes to catch the invisible sight,  
And strong to bear ourselves in patient pain?

• CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

## HOPE AND FEAR

**B**ENEATH the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,  
With eyes enkindled as the sun's own sphere,  
Hope, from the front of youth in godlike cheer,  
Looks Godward, past the shades where blind men  
    grope  
Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can  
    ope,  
And makes for joy the very darkness dear,  
That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams that  
    fear  
At noon may rise and pierce the heart of hope.  
Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and yearn,  
May truth first purge her eyesight to discern  
What once being known leaves time no power to  
    appal;  
Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn  
The kind wise word that falls from years that fall —  
"Hope thou not much, and fear thou not at all."

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

## A SUPERScription

**L**OOK in my face; my name is Might-have-been;  
I am also call'd No-more, Too-late, Farewell;  
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell  
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;  
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen  
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell  
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,  
Of ultimate things unutter'd the frail screen.  
Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart  
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise  
Of that wing'd Peace which lulls the breath of  
sighs, —

Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart  
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart  
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI



## THE INEVITABLE

**I** LIKE the man who faces what he must  
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust  
That God is God, — that somehow, true and just  
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear  
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
Falls from his grasp — better, with love, a crust  
Than living in dishonor; envies not,  
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,  
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot;  
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest  
To every toiler. He alone is great  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

SARAH KNOWLES BOLTON

## PRAYER

**B**E not afraid to pray — to pray is right.  
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay;  
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.  
Far is the time, remote from human sight,  
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;  
Yet every prayer for universal peace  
Avals the blessèd time to expedite.  
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,  
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:  
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven  
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;  
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,  
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

## DESIRE

**T**HOU blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen  
snare,  
Fond fancy's scum, and dregs of scattered thought:  
Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;  
Thou web of will, whose end is never wrought:  
Desire! Desire! I have too dearly bought,  
With price of mangled mind, thy worthless ware;  
Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,  
Who should my mind to higher things prepare.  
But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;  
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire;  
In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire;  
For Virtue hath this better lesson taught, —  
Within myself to seek my only hire,  
Desiring nought but how to kill Desire.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

A GOOD THAT NEVER SATISFIES THE  
MIND

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,  
A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,  
A sweet with floods of gall, that runs combin'd  
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,  
An honour that more fickle is than wind,  
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,  
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,  
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,  
A vain delight our equals to command,  
A style of greatness, in effect a dream  
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,  
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous name,  
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,  
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made Man,  
Having a glass of blessings standing by,  
“Let us,” said He, “pour on him all we can;  
Let the world’s riches, which dispersèd lie,  
Contract into a span.”

So strength first made a way;  
Then beauty flow’d, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:  
When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
Perceiving that, alone of all His treasure,  
Rest in the bottom lay.

“For if I should,” said He,  
“Bestow this jewel also on My creature,  
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,  
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;  
So both should losers be.

“Yet let him keep the rest,  
But keep them with repining restlessness;  
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to My breast.”

GEORGE HERBERT

## INTROIT

**M**Y God, where is that ancient heat towards  
Thee

Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,  
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry

Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?

Why are not sonnets made of Thee? and lays

Upon Thine altar burnt? Cannot Thy love

Heighten a spirit to sound out Thy praise

As well as any She? Cannot Thy Dove

Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?

Or, since Thy ways are deep, and still the same,

Will not a verse run smooth that bears Thy name?

Why doth that fire, which by Thy power and might

Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose

Than that, which one day worms may chance

refuse?

GEORGE HERBERT

## SACRED POETRY

HOW beautiful is genius when combined  
With holiness! Oh, how divinely sweet  
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touch'd  
By the soft hand of Piety, and hung  
Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating  
With solemn music in the ear of God.  
And must the Bard from sacred themes refrain?  
Sweet were the hymns in patriarchal days,  
That, kneeling in the silence of his tent,  
Or on some moonlit hill, the shepherd pour'd  
Unto his heavenly Father. Strains survive  
Erst chanted to the lyre of Israel,  
More touching far than ever poet breathed  
Amid the Grecian isles, or later times  
Have heard in Albion, land of every lay.  
Why therefore are ye silent, ye who know  
The trance of adoration, and behold  
Upon your bended knees the throne of Heaven,  
And Him who sits thereon? Believe it not,  
That Poetry, in purer days the nurse,  
Yea, parent oft of blissful piety,  
Should silent keep from service of her God. . . .

JOHN WILSON (*Christopher North*)

## SUCCESS

**F**EW know of life's beginnings — men behold  
The goal achieved; — the warrior, when his sword  
Flashes red triumph in the noonday sun;  
The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm;  
The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,  
And mould opinion on his gifted tongue:  
They count not life's first steps, and never think  
Upon the many miserable hours  
When hope deferred was sickness to the heart.  
They reckon not the battle and the march,  
The long privations of a wasted youth;  
They never see the banner till unfurled.  
What are to them the solitary nights  
Passed pale and anxious by the sickly lamp,  
Till the young poet wins the world at last  
To listen to the music long his own?  
The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind  
That makes their destiny; but they do not trace  
Its struggle, or its long expectancy.  
Hard are life's early steps; and, but that youth  
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,  
Men would behold its threshold, and despair.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON



## THE GOOD CONSCIENCE

FROM "THE EXCURSION"

WHAT then remains? To seek  
Those helps, for his occasions ever near  
Who lacks not will to use them; vows renewed  
On the first motion of a holy thought;  
Vigils of contemplation; praise and prayer, —  
A stream which, from the fountain of the heart  
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows  
Without access of unexpected strength.  
But, above all, the victory is most sure  
For him who, seeking faith by virtue, strives  
To yield entire submission to the law  
Of conscience, — conscience revered and obeyed,  
As God's most intimate presence in the soul  
And his most perfect image in the world.  
Endeavor thus to live; these rules regard;  
These helps solicit; and a steadfast seat  
Shall then be yours among the happy few  
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe empyreal air,  
Sons of the morning.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## INVICTUS

TO R. T. H. B.

OUT of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods there be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced or cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbow'd.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the Shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

## ENID'S SONG

FROM "IDYLS OF THE KING"

**T**URN, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the  
proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and  
cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

ALFRED TENNYSON

## THE CHEERFUL HEART

“**T**HE world is ever as we take it,  
And life, dear child, is what we make it.”

Thus spoke a grandam, bent with care,  
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day  
Of what she heard her grandam say.

Years after, when no more a child,  
Her path in life seemed dark and wild.

Back to her heart the memory came  
Of the quaint utterance of the dame:

She cleared her brow, and smiling thought,  
“’Tis even as the good soul taught!

“And half my woes thus quickly cured,  
The other half may be endured.”

No more her heart its shadows wore;  
She grew a little child once more.

. . . . .  
She made of life (as we, too, should)  
A joy; and lo! all things were good

And fair to her as in God’s sight  
When first he said, “Let there be light.”

*The Humbler Poets*

## TO SLEEP

**O** SOFT embalmer of the still midnight!  
Shutting with careful fingers and benign  
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,  
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;  
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,  
In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,  
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws  
Around my bed its lulling charities;  
Then save me, or the passèd day will shine  
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;  
Save me from curious conscience, that still lords  
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;  
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,  
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

JOHN KEATS

## ORION

**H**OW oft I've watch'd thee from the garden croft,  
In silence, when the busy day was done,  
Shining with wondrous brilliancy aloft,  
And flickering like a casement 'gainst the sun!  
I've seen thee soar from out some snowy cloud,  
Which held the frozen breath of land and sea,  
Yet broke and sever'd as the wind grew loud —  
But earth-bound winds could not dismember thee,  
Nor shake thy frame of jewels; I have guess'd  
At thy strange shape and function, haply felt  
The charm of that old myth about thy belt  
And sword; but, most, my spirit was possess'd  
By His great Presence, Who is never far  
From his light-bearers, whether man or star.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

## THE HEART OF THE NIGHT

FROM child to youth; from youth to arduous  
man;  
From lethargy to fever of the heart;  
From faithful life to dream-dowered days apart;  
From trust to doubt; from doubt to brink of ban; —  
Thus much of change in one swift cycle ran  
Till now. Alas, the soul! — how soon must she  
Accept her primal immortality, —  
The flesh resume its dust whence it began?

O Lord of work and peace! O Lord of life!  
O Lord, the awful Lord of will! though late,  
Even yet renew this soul with duteous breath:  
That when the peace is garnered in from strife,  
The work retrieved, the will regenerate,  
This soul may see thy face, O Lord of death!

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

## PER PACEM AD LUCEM

I DO not ask, O LORD, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load:

I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, LORD, dear LORD, I plead:  
Lead me aright —  
Though strength should falter and though heart  
should bleed,  
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O LORD, that Thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here:  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
And follow Thee.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER



## TIME AND DEATH

**I** SAW old Time, destroyer of mankind;  
Calm, stern, and cold he sate, and often shook  
And turn'd his glass, nor ever car'd to look  
How many of life's sands were still behind.  
And there was Death, his page, aghast to find  
How tremblingly, like aspens o'er a brook,  
His blunted dart fell harmless; so he took  
His master's scythe, and idly smote the wind.  
Smite on, thou gloomy one, with powerless aim!  
For Sin, thy mother, at her dying breath  
Wither'd that arm, and left thee but a name.  
Hope clos'd the grave, when He of Nazareth,  
Who led captivity His captive, came  
And vanquish'd the great conquerors, Time and  
Death.

WILLIAM HENRY WHITWORTH

## THE SURE DEFENCE

**O** GOD, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
 And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy Throne  
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
 Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
 And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
 Or earth received her frame,  
 From everlasting Thou art GOD,  
 To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
 Are like an evening gone;  
 Short as the watch that ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away;  
 They fly forgotten, as a dream  
 Dies at the opening day.

Our GOD, our help in ages past;  
 Our hope for years to come;  
 Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home!

ISAAC WATTS

BEYOND THE BELT OF DARKNESS<sup>1</sup>

STILL the years roll on  
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.  
They gather up again and softly bear  
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed,  
And lost to sight — all that in them was good,  
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love —  
    . . . — all are raised and borne  
By that great current on its onward sweep,  
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves  
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath  
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,  
From stage to stage, along the shining course  
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.  
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,  
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped  
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms  
Again are folded round the child she loved  
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,  
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour  
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled  
Or broke are healed forever. In the room  
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be  
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw  
The heart, and never shall a tender tie  
Be broken — in whose reign the eternal Change  
That waits on growth and action shall proceed  
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

<sup>1</sup>From *The Flood of Years*. Reprinted from Bryant's *Complete Poetical Works*, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

## DO SOMETHING

**I**F the world seems cool to you,  
Kindle fires to warm it!  
Let their comfort hide from you  
Winters that deform it.  
Hearts as frozen as your own  
To that radiance gather;  
You will soon forget to moan,  
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a "vale of tears,"  
Smile till rainbows span it;  
Breathe the love that life endears —  
Clear from clouds to fan it.  
Of your gladness lend a gleam  
Unto souls that shiver;  
Show them how dark sorrow's stream  
Blends with hope's bright river.

LUCY LARCOM

## LOVE-SERVICE

**T**HE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells:  
The book of life the shining record tells.  
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad,  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong,  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

## WINTER MEDITATION

FROM "THE TASK"

**N**O noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half-suppressed;  
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,  
That tinkle in the withered leaves below.  
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,  
Charms more than silence. Meditation here  
May think down hours to moments. Here the  
heart  
May give an useful lesson to the head,  
And Learning wiser grow without his books.  
Knowledge and Wisdom far from being one,  
Have oftimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,  
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds.

WILLIAM COWPER

## THE BEAUTY OF LIFE

**H**OW beautiful it is to be alive!  
To wake each morn as if the Maker's grace  
Did us afresh from nothingness derive  
That we may sing "How happy is our case!  
How beautiful it is to be alive!"

To read in GOD's great Book, until we feel  
Love for the love that gave it; then to kneel  
Close unto Him Whose truth our souls will thrive,  
While every moment's joy doth more reveal  
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Rather to go without what might increase  
Our worldly standing, than our souls deprive  
Of frequent speech with GOD, or than to cease  
To feel, through having wasted health or peace,  
How beautiful it is to be alive.

Not to forget, when pain and grief draw nigh,  
Into the ocean of time past to dive  
For memories of GOD's mercies, or to try  
To bear all sweetly, hoping still to cry  
"How beautiful it is to be alive!"

Thus ever towards man's height of nobleness  
Strive still some new progression to contrive;  
Till, just as any other friend's, we press  
Death's hand; and, having died, feel none the less  
How beautiful it is to be alive.

HENRY SEPTIMUS SUTTON

## MORAL COSMETICS

**Y**E who would have your features florid,  
 Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,  
 From age's devastation horrid,  
     Adopt this plan, —  
 'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,  
     A hale old man:

Avoid in youth luxurious diet,  
 Restrain the passions' lawless riot;  
 Devoted to domestic quiet,  
     Be wisely gay;  
 So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,  
     Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship pleasure,  
 But find your richest, dearest treasure  
 In God, his word, his work, not leisure:  
     The mind, not sense,  
 Is the sole scale by which to measure  
     Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,  
 Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,  
 That disappoints not man's reliance,  
     Whate'er his state;  
 But challenges, with calm defiance,  
     Time, fortune, fate.

HORACE SMITH



## WHAT MIGHT BE DONE

WHAT might be done if men were wise —  
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,  
Would they unite  
In love and right,  
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued  
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,  
And knowledge pour,  
From shore to shore,  
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,  
All vice and crime, might die together;  
And wine and corn,  
To each man born,  
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,  
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,  
Might stand erect  
In self-respect,  
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,  
And more than this, my suffering brother —  
More than the tongue  
E'er said or sung,  
If men were wise and lov'd each other.

CHARLES MACKAY

AH! YET CONSIDER IT AGAIN

**O**LD things need not be therefore true,  
O brother men, nor yet the new;  
Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,  
And yet consider it again!

The souls of now two thousand years  
Have laid up here their toils and fears,  
And all the earnings of their pain, —  
Ah, yet consider it again!

We! what do we see? each a space  
Of some few yards before his face;  
Does that the whole wide plan explain?  
Ah, yet consider it again!

Alas! the great world goes its way,  
And takes its truth from each new day;  
They do not quit, nor can retain,  
Far less consider it again.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## HUMANITY

**T**HERE is a soul above the soul of each,  
A mightier soul, which yet to each belongs:  
There is a sound made of all human speech,  
And numerous as the concourse of all songs:  
And in that soul lives each, in each that soul,  
Though all the ages are its lifetime vast;  
Each soul that dies, in its most sacred whole  
Receiveth life that shall forever last.  
And thus forever with a wider span  
Humanity o'erarches time and death;  
Man can elect the universal man,  
And live in life that ends not with his breath:  
And gather glory that increases still  
Till Time his glass with Death's last dust shall  
fill.

RICHARD WATSON DIXON

## HYMN TO ADVERSITY

**D**AUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best!  
 Bound in thy adamant chain,  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,  
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
 And bade thee form her infant mind.  
 Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore:  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know  
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at cther's  
     woe.

Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there,  
 To soften, not to wound my heart.  
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

THOMAS GRAY

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG IN THE  
VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

FROM "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," PART II

**H**E that is down needs fear no fall,  
He that is low, no pride;  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,  
Little be it or much:  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because Thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is  
That go on pilgrimage:  
Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
Is best from age to age.

JOHN BUNYAN

## THE APPOINTED WAY

**T**HOU camest not to thy place by accident,  
It is the very place God meant for thee;  
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,  
Do not for this give room to discontent;  
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent  
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be  
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free  
From outward hindrance or impediment:  
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find  
That without which all goodness were a task  
So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong:  
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,  
The Imposer's — over-burdened thou shalt ask,  
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM "THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE"

FOR him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,  
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
Of the unexhausted West,  
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

Here was a type of the true elder race,  
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to  
face.

I praise him not; it were too late;  
And some innate weakness there must be  
In him who condescends to victory  
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:  
He knew to bide his time,  
And can his fame abide,  
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes;  
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame,  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1865)

## TIME MISSPENT

**T**HERE is no remedy for time misspent;  
No healing for the waste of idleness,  
Whose very languor is a punishment  
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.  
O hours of indolence and discontent,  
Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less  
Because I know this span of life was lent  
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.  
Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams,  
But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,  
Life and its choicest faculties were given.  
Man should be ever better than he seems,  
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind,  
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE



## WEALTH

FROM "MISS KILMANSEGGE"

**G**OLD! gold! gold! gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,  
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold:  
Gold! gold! gold! gold!  
Good or bad a thousand-fold!

How widely its agencies vary, —  
To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless, —  
As even its minted coins express,  
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,  
And now of a Bloody Mary.

THOMAS HOOD

## A PRAYER

**M**Y God! O let me call Thee mine!  
Weak, wretched sinner though I be;  
My trembling soul would fain be thine,  
My feeble faith still clings to thee.

Not only for the past I grieve,  
The future fills me with dismay;  
Unless Thou hasten to relieve,  
I know my heart will fall away

I cannot say my faith is strong,  
I have not hope my love is great;  
But strength and love to Thee belong:  
O do not leave me desolate!

I know I owe my all to Thee;  
O take the heart I cannot give;  
Do Thou my Strength, my Saviour be,  
And make me to Thy glory live!

EMILY BRONTË

## WAIT ON THE LORD

**W**HO seeketh finds: what shall be his relief  
Who hath no power to seek, no heart to pray,  
No sense of GOD, but bears as best he may,  
A lonely incommunicable grief?  
What shall he do? One only thing he knows,  
That his life flits a frail uneasy spark  
In the great vast of universal dark,  
And that the grave may not be all repose.  
Be still, sad soul! lift thou no passionate cry,  
But spread the desert of thy being bare  
To the full searching of the All-seeing eye:  
Wait — and through dark misgiving, blank despair,  
GOD will come down in pity, and fill the dry  
Dead place with light, and life, and vernal air.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

## JESUS

JESUS, there is no dearer name than thine  
Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;  
No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine  
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.

There every virtue set his triumph-seal;  
Wisdom, conjoined with strength and radiant  
grace,  
In a sweet copy Heaven to reveal,  
And stamp perfection on a mortal face.

Once on the earth wert thou, before men's eyes,  
That did not half thy beauteous brightness see;  
E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,  
Nor our weak orbs look through immensity.

THEODORE PARKER

HYMN OF TRUST

**O** LOVE Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear,  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

## SORROW'S MISSION

FROM "ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD"

'T IS sorrow builds the shining ladder up  
 Whose golden rounds are our calamities,  
 Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God  
 The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold,  
 When he is sent to summon those we love,  
 But all God's angels come to us disguised;  
 Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,  
 One after other lift their frowning masks,  
 And we behold the seraph's face beneath,  
 All radiant with the glory and the calm  
 Of having looked upon the front of God.  
 With every anguish of our earthly part  
 The spirit's sight grows clearer; this was meant  
 When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.  
 Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent  
 To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.

O, if Death

More near approaches, meditates, and clasps  
 Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,  
 God, strengthen thou my faith, that I may see  
 That 'tis thine angel, who, with loving haste,  
 Unto the service of the inner shrine  
 Doth waken thy belovèd with a kiss!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## LIFE, LORD OF DEATH

FROM "SNOW-BOUND"

HENCEFORWARD, listen as we will,  
The voices of that hearth are still;  
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
Those lighted faces smile no more.  
We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
    We sit beneath their orchard-trees,  
    We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
And rustle of the bladed corn;  
We turn the pages that they read,  
    Their written words we linger o'er,  
But in the sun they cast no shade,  
No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
    No step is on the conscious floor!  
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,  
(Since He who knows our need is just),  
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,  
Nor looks to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play!  
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
    The truth to flesh and sense unknown,  
That Life is ever lord of Death,  
    And Love can never lose its own!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

## HOME

**W**HAT is House and what is Home,  
 Where with freedom thou hast room,  
 And may'st to all tyrants say,  
 This you cannot take away?  
 'Tis no thing with doors and walls,  
 Which at every earthquake falls;  
 No fair towers, whose princely fashion  
 Is but Plunder's invitation;  
 No stout marble structure, where  
 Walls Eternity do dare;  
 No brass gates, no bars of steel,  
 Tho' Time's teeth they scorn to feel:  
 Brass is not so bold as Pride,  
 If on Power's wings it ride;  
 Marble's not so hard as Spite  
 Arm'd with lawless Strength and Might.

. . . . .  
 Seek no more abroad, say I,  
 House and Home, but turn thine eye  
 Inward, and observe thy breast;  
 There alone dwells solid Rest.  
 That's a close immurèd tower  
 Which can mock all hostile power.  
 To thyself a tenant be,  
 And inhabit safe and free.  
 Home is everywhere to thee  
 Who canst thine own dwelling be.

JOSEPH BEAUMONT



## WASHINGTON

FROM "UNDER THE ELM," 1875

WHAT figure more immovably august  
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,  
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,  
That soul serene, impenetrably just,  
Modelled on classic lines, so simple they endure?  
That soul so softly radiant and so white  
The track it left seems less of fire than light,  
Cold but to such as love distemperature?  
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force  
That drives rejoicing planets on their course,  
Why for his power benign seek an impurer source?

. . . . .

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;  
High-poised example of great duties done  
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn  
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;  
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,  
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,  
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,  
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;  
Modest, yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed  
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;  
Not honored then or now because he wooed  
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;  
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one  
Who was all this, and ours, and all men's, —

Washington.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NOW!

FROM "THE VERDICT OF DEATH"

HOW does Death speak of our beloved  
When it has laid them low;  
When it has set its hallowing touch  
On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part,  
And brands it in upon the heart  
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained,  
A giant stature will have gained  
When it can never be explained;

The little service which had proved  
How tenderly we watched and loved,  
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved;

It shows our faults like fires at night;  
It sweeps their failings out of sight;  
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

O Christ, our life! foredate the work of Death,  
And do this now!  
Thou who art love, thus hallow our beloved!  
Not Death, but Thou!

ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

## LONGING FOR HEAVEN

**T**HE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away!  
O for the pearly gates of heaven,  
O for the golden floor,  
O for the Sun of righteousness  
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint!  
O for a heart that never sins,  
O for a soul wash'd white,  
O for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace, to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
And by Thy life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

## HYMN OF WINTER

'T IS Winter now; the fallen snow  
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;  
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,  
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;  
His life within the keen air breathes,  
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,  
And clothes the boughs with glitt'ring wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,  
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,  
Home closer draws her circle now  
And warmer glows her light within.

O God! who giv'st the winter's cold  
As well as summer's joyous days,  
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,  
And keep us through life's wintry days!

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

## CONSCIENCE

A KNOCKING at my heart — and what art thou?

“I was the unforgiven; from your door  
You spurned me once and bade me come no  
more.

*I am the ever present suppliant now.”*

A famine at my heart — and what art thou?

“I was that Lazarus, of men the least  
Whom once you sent anhungered from your feast.

*I am the ever present hunger now.”*

An aching at my heart — and what art thou?

“I was that love you chose once to divide,  
Who, wounded, at your threshold fell and died.

*I am the ever present longing now.”*

A sweetness at my heart — and what art thou?

“I was the kindly deed you quite forgot,  
The joy bestowed that you remember not.

*I am your Angel of Forgiveness now.”*

THEODOSIA GARRISON

## THE FLOWER OF THEIR SOULS

FROM "IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL"

**T**IME takes them home that we loved, fair  
names and famous,  
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom  
of death;  
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away  
to shame us,  
Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack  
breath.  
For with us shall the music and perfume that die  
not dwell,  
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we  
farewell.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

THE GREEN GRASS UNDER THE SNOW

**T**HE work of the sun is slow,  
But as sure as heaven we know  
So we'll not forget,  
When the skies are wet,  
There's green grass under the snow.

When the winds of winter blow  
Wailing like voices of woe,  
There are April showers,  
And buds and flowers,  
And green grass under the snow.

We find that it's ever so  
In this life's uneven flow;  
We've only to wait  
In the face of fate  
For the green grass under the snow.

ANNIE A. PRESTON

## "TO JANE — THE INVITATION"

**B**EST and brightest, come away!  
 Fairer far than this fair Day,  
 Which, like thee to those in sorrow,  
 Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow  
 To the rough Year just awake  
 In its cradle on the brake,  
 The brightest hour of unborn Spring,  
 Through the winter wandering,  
 Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn  
 To hoar February born;  
 Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,  
 It kissed the forehead of the Earth,  
 And smiled upon the silent sea,  
 And bade the frozen streams be free,  
 And waked to music all their fountains,  
 And breathed upon the frozen mountains,  
 And like a prophetess of May  
 Strewed flowers upon the barren way,  
 Making the wintry world appear  
 Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,  
 To the wild woods and the downs —  
 To the silent wilderness  
 Where the soul need not repress  
 Its music lest it should not find  
 An echo in another's mind,  
 While the touch of Nature's art  
 Harmonizes heart to heart.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY



## MARCH

**S**LAYER of Winter, art thou here again?  
O welcome, thou that bring'st the summer nigh!  
The bitter wind makes not thy victory vain,  
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.  
Welcome, O March! whose kindly days and dry  
Make April ready for the throstle's song,  
Thou first redresser of the winter's wrong!

Yea, welcome, March! and though I die ere June,  
Yet for the hope of life I give thee praise,  
Striving to swell the burden of the tune  
That even now I hear thy brown birds raise,  
Unmindful of the past or coming days;  
Who sing, "O joy! a new year is begun!  
What happiness to look upon the sun!"

O, what begetteth all this storm of bliss,  
But Death himself, who, crying solemnly,  
Even from the heart of sweet Forgetfulness,  
Bids us, "Rejoice! lest pleasureless ye die.  
Within a little time must ye go by.  
Stretch forth your open hands, and, while ye live,  
Take all the gifts that Death and Life may give."

WILLIAM MORRIS

## A SNOWDROP

ONLY a tender little thing,  
So velvet soft and white it is;  
But March himself is not so strong,  
With all the great gales that are his.

In vain his whistling storms he calls,  
In vain the cohorts of his power  
Ride down the sky on mighty blasts —  
He cannot crush the little flower.

Its white spear parts the sod, the snows  
Than that white spear less snowy are,  
The rains roll off its crest like spray,  
It lifts again its spotless star.

Blow, blow, dark March! To meet you here,  
Thrust upward from the central gloom,  
The stellar force of the old earth  
Pulses to life in this slight bloom.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE CROCUS

OUT of the frozen earth below,  
 Out of the melting of the snow,  
 No flower, but a film, I push to light;  
 No stem, no bud, — yet I have burst  
 The bars of winter, I am the first,  
 O Sun, to greet thee out of the night!

Bare are the branches, cold is the air,  
 Yet it is fire at the heart I bear,  
 I come, a flame that is fed by none:  
 The summer hath blossoms for her delight,  
 Thick and dewy and waxen-white,  
 Thou seest me golden, O golden Sun!

Deep in the warm sleep underground  
 Life is still, and the peace profound:  
 Yet a beam that pierced, and a thrill that smote  
 Call'd me and drew me from far away; —  
 I rose, I came, to the open day  
 I have won, unshelter'd, alone, remote.

O Glory of heaven, O Ruler of morn,  
 O Dream that shap'd me, and I was born  
 In thy likeness, starry, and flower of flame;  
 I lie on earth, and to thee look up,  
 Into thy image will grow my cup,  
 Till a sunbeam dissolve it into the same.

HARRIET ELEANOR HAMILTON KING

## HOPE

FROM "PLEASURES OF HOPE"

PRIMEVAL Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
 When Man and Nature mourned their first decay,  
 When every form of Death and every woe  
 Shot from malignant stars to Earth below,  
 When Murder bared her arms, and rampant War  
 Yoked the red dragons of her iron car,  
 When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,  
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;  
 All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind.  
 But, Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.

. . . . .

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,  
 Their joyous youth began — but not to fade.  
 When all the sister planets have decayed;  
 When, rapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,  
 And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
 Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

THOMAS CAMPBELL

## THE MASTER'S TOUCH

**I**N the still air the music lies unheard;  
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;  
To wake the music and the beauty needs  
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand,  
Let not the music that is in us die;  
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,  
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke; do with us as thou wilt;  
Let there be nought unfinish'd, broken, marr'd;  
Complete thy purpose, that we may become  
Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord.

HORATIUS BONAR

## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

**I**S there for honest poverty  
 Wha hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by;  
 We dare be poor for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toil's obscure, and a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp, —  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

. . . . .

A prince can make a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might —  
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that'  
 For a' that, and a' that;  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, —  
 As come it will for a 'that, —  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet, for a' that, —  
 When man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

ROBERT BURNS

## SHEPHERD AND KING

FROM HENRY VI," PART III

**K**ING HENRY. — O God! methinks, it were  
a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the times: —  
So many hours must I tend my flock,  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with young;  
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;  
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:  
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,  
Passed over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!  
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

SHAKESPEARE

## "IN EVERY THING GIVING THANKS"

**I** THANK Thee, O my God! who made  
This earth so bright;  
So full of splendor and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right!

I thank Thee even that all our joy  
Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours,  
That thorns remain;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings;  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things.

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more;  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER



MY GOD, I LOVE THEE

**M**Y God, I love thee! not because  
 I hope for heaven thereby;  
 Nor because those who love thee not  
 Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me  
 Upon the cross embrace!  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
 And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,  
 And sweat of agony,  
 Yea, death itself, — and all for one  
 That was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,  
 Should I not love thee well?  
 Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
 Nor of escaping hell;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
 Not seeking a reward;  
 But as thyself hast lovèd me,  
 O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love thee, and will love,  
 And in thy praise will sing, —  
 Solely because thou art my God,  
 And my eternal King.

*Latin of ST. FRANCIS XAVIER  
 Translation of EDWARD CASWALL*

## THE EARLY BLUE-BIRD

**B**LUE-BIRD! on yon leafless tree,  
 Dost thou carol thus to me,  
 "Spring is coming! Spring is here!"  
 Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?  
 What is that, in misty shroud,  
 Stealing from the darken'd cloud?  
 Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound  
 Settles o'er the whitened ground,  
 Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,  
 "Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

Spring's a maid of mirth and glee,  
 Rosy wreaths and revelry:  
 Hast thou wooed some wingèd love  
 To a nest in verdant grove?  
 Sung to her of greenwood bower,  
 Sunny skies that never lower?  
 Lured her with thy promise fair  
 Of a lot that knows no care?  
 Pr'ythee, bird, in coat of blue,  
 Though a lover, tell her true.

Ask her if, when storms are long,  
 She can sing a cheerful song?  
 When the rude winds rock the tree,  
 If she'll closer cling to thee?  
 Then the blasts that sweep the sky,  
 Unappalled shall pass thee by;  
 Though thy curtained chamber show  
 Siftings of untimely snow,  
 Warm and glad thy heart shall be,  
 Love shall make it Spring for thee.

CHARLES MACKAY

## THE ENGLISH ROBIN

SEE yon robin on the spray;  
Look ye how his tiny form  
Swells, as when his merry lay  
Gushes forth amid the storm.

Though the snow is falling fast,  
Specking o'er his coat with white, —  
Though loud roars the chilly blast,  
And the evening's lost in night, —

Yet from out the darkness dreary  
Cometh still that cheerful note;  
Praiseful aye, and never weary,  
Is that little warbling throat.

Thank him for his lesson's sake,  
Thank God's gentle minstrel there,  
Who, when storms make others quake,  
Sings of days that brighter were.

HARRISON WEIR

## RULES AND LESSONS

W H E N first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
 To do the like; our bodies but forerun  
 The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave  
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.

Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou  
 keep  
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures. Note the hush  
 And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring  
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each bush  
 And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?  
 O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,  
 And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,  
 Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each clay;  
 Despatch necessities; life hath a load  
 Which must be carried on, and safely may.  
 Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart  
 Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way  
 'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays,  
 But perfect all before thou sleep'st: then say,  
 "There's one sun more strung on my bead of days."  
 What's good score up for joy: the bad well scanned  
 Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.

HENRY VAUGHAN

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT  
AVAILETH

**S**AY not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
But westward, look, the land is bright!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

**M**ARTIAL, the things that do attain  
 The happy life be these, I find, —  
 The riches left, not got with pain;  
 The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;  
 No charge of rule, nor governance;  
 Without disease, the healthful life:  
 The household of continuance;

The mean diet, no delicate fare;  
 True wisdom joined with simpleness;  
 The night dischargèd of all care,  
 Where wine the wit may not oppress;

The faithful wife, without debate;  
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night;  
 Contented with thine own estate,  
 Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

## THE DAILY WALK

FROM "MORNING"

**W**E need not bid, for cloister'd cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,  
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go: —  
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day  
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE

## DEATH THE LEVELLER

**T**HE glories of our blood and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things;  
 There is no armour against fate;  
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
     Sceptre and Crown  
     Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill:  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
     They tame but one another still:  
     Early or late  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath  
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;  
     Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
 Upon Death's purple altar now  
     See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
     Your heads must come  
     To the cold tomb;  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY



THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!  
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame:  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
 Sister Spirit, come away!  
 What is this absorbs me quite?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring!  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O Grave! where is thy victory?  
 O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE

## CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR

**B**ESIDE the dead I knelt for prayer,  
 And felt a presence as I prayed.  
 Lo! it was Jesus standing there.  
 He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know;  
 Restore again to life," I said,  
 "This one who died an hour ago."  
 He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as Thyself didst say;  
 Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep  
 Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"  
 He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay then, tho' haply she do wake,  
 And look upon some fairer dawn,  
 Restore her to our hearts that ache!"  
 He smiled: "She is not gone!"

• • • • •  
 "Yet our beloved seem so far,  
 The while we yearn to feel them near,  
 Albeit with Thee we trust they are."  
 He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they  
 Still walk unseen with us and Thee,  
 Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"  
 He smiled: "Abide in Me."

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND

THE MESSAGE

FROM "DEATH IN ARABIA"

**F**AREWELL, friends! Yet not farewell;  
 Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
 I am gone before your face,  
 A moment's time, a little space.  
 When ye come where I have stepp'd  
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
 That here is all, and there is naught.  
 Weep awhile, if ye are fain, —  
 Sunshine still must follow rain;  
 Only not at death, — for death,  
 Now I know, is that first breath  
 Which our souls draw when we enter  
 Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,  
 View'd from Allah's throne above;  
 Be ye stout of heart, and come  
 Bravely onward to your home!  
*La Allab illa Allab!* yea!  
 Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan<sup>1</sup> gave  
 This to those who made his grave.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

<sup>1</sup> *Azan*, the Moslem hour of prayer, esteemed a blest time to die.

## THE GOLDEN TEXT

**Y**OU ask for fame or power?  
 Then up, and take for text: —  
 This is my hour,  
 And not the next, nor next!

Oh, wander not in ways  
 Of ease or indolence!  
 Swift come the days,  
 And swift the days go hence.

Strike! while the hand is strong,  
 Strike! while you can and may:  
 Strength goes ere long, —  
 Even yours will pass away.

But, would your heart aspire  
 To noble things, — to claim  
 Bard's, statesman's fire —  
 Some measure of their fame;

Or, would you seek and find  
 The secret of success  
 With mortal kind?  
 Then, up from idleness!

Up — up! all fame, all power  
 Lies in this golden text:  
*This is my hour —*  
*And not the next, nor next!*

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON

## SPREAD SAIL!

FROM "SEEN AND UNSEEN"

O THOU God's mariner, heart of mine  
Spread canvas to the airs divine!  
Spread sail! and let thy Fortune be  
Forgotten in thy Destiny.

Life loveth life and good; then trust  
What most the spirit would, it must;  
Deep wishes, in the heart that be,  
Are blossoms of Necessity.

A thread of Law runs through thy prayer,  
Stronger than iron cables are:  
And Love and Longing toward her goal  
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

So Life must live, and Soul must sail,  
And Unseen over Seen prevail;  
And all God's argosies come to shore,  
Let ocean smile, or rage or roar.

And so, 'mid storm or calm, my bark  
With snowy wake still nears her mark;  
Cheerly the trades of being blow,  
And sweeping down the wind I go.

DAVID A. WASSON

## REMEMBER ME

**R**EMEMBER me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future that you plann'd:  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

## SPIRIT VISITANTS

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

HOW pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Except, like them, thou too canst say  
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,  
And doubt beside the portal waits,  
They can but listen at the gates  
And hear the household jar within.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## "MY SORROW IS MY THRONE"

**M**Y sorrow is my throne!  
It lifts me from the dust of earthly care;  
'Tis calm and peaceful, though so cold and lone —  
And wider prospects stretch before me there.

My sorrow is my crown!  
A glory round the worn and aching brow;  
I would not lay its thorny circlet down  
For any flowers earth has to offer now.

Yet sometimes I could deem  
I heard *bis* voice, loved voice that guides me, say,  
"The earth we loved must never trivial seem,  
Although our joy has passed from earth away.

"Go down, at my behest,  
The smallest, humblest kindly task to do;  
I see the thorn-prints; hide them from the rest;  
Because thou lov'st me so, love others too."

LUCY SMITH



## JOYES OF HEVENE

**T**HER is lyf withoute ony deth,  
And ther is youthe withoute ony eld;  
And ther is alle manner welthe to welde;  
And ther is rest without ony travaille;  
And ther is pees without ony strife,  
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf: —  
And ther is bright somer ever to se,  
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie: —  
And ther is more worshipe and honour,  
Than evere had kynges other emperour.  
And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,  
And ther is preysing hym amonge.  
And ther is alle manner frendshippe that may be,  
And ther is evere perfect love and charitie;  
And ther is wisdom without folye,  
And ther is honeste without vilenye.  
All these a man may joyes of hevене call;  
As yette the most sovereyn joye of alle  
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,  
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

RICHARD ROLLE

## REMEMBER

**R**EMEMBER Him, the only One,  
 Now, ere the years flow by, —  
 Now, while the smile is on thy lip,  
 The light within thine eye.  
 Now, ere for thee the sun have lost  
 Its glory and its light,  
 And earth rejoice thee not with flowers,  
 Nor with the stars the night.  
 Now, while thou lovest earth, because  
 She is so wondrous fair  
 With daisies and with primroses,  
 And sunlit, waving air;  
 And not because her bosom holds  
 Thy dearest and thy best,  
 And some day will thyself infold  
 In calm and peaceful rest.  
 Now, while thou lovest violets,  
 Because mid grass they wave,  
 And not because they bloom upon  
 Some early-shapen grave.

Now, while thou lovest music's strains,  
 Because they cheer thy heart,  
 And not because from aching eyes  
 They make the tear-drops start.  
 Now, whilst thou lovest all on earth  
 And deemest all will last,  
 Before thy hope is vanished quite,  
 And every joy has past;  
 Remember Him, the only One,  
 Before the days draw nigh  
 When thou shalt have no joy in them,  
 And praying, yearn to die.

EMMA LAZARUS

## LAUS INFANTIUM

**I**N praise of little children I will say  
God first made man, then found a better way  
For woman, but his third way was the best.  
Of all created things, the loveliest  
And most divine are children. Nothing here  
Can be to us more gracious or more dear.  
And though, when God saw all his works were good,  
There was no rosy flower of babyhood,  
'T was said of children in a later day  
That none could enter Heaven save such as they.

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,  
Was glad, O little child, when you were born;  
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the  
blue,  
Soared up itself to God's own Heaven in you;

And Heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass  
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass, —  
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,  
And left, O little child, its reflex there.

WILLIAM CANTON

## PROGRESS ETERNAL

FROM "THE REFORMER"

**O** BACKWARD-LOOKING son of time  
 The new is old, the old is new,  
 The cycle of a change sublime  
 Still sweeping through.

So wisely taught the Indian seer;  
 Destroying Seva, forming Brahm,  
 Who wake by turn Earth's love and fear,  
 Are one, the same.

Idly as thou, in that old day  
 Thou mournest, did thy sire repine;  
 So, in his time, thy child grown gray  
 Shall sigh for thine.

But life shall on and upward go;  
 Th' eternal step of Progress beats  
 To that great anthem, calm and slow,  
 Which God repeats.

. . . . .  
 Take heart! — the Waster builds again, —  
 A charmèd life old Goodness hath;  
 The tares may perish, — but the grain  
 Is not for death.

God works in all things; all obey  
 His first propulsion from the night:  
 Wake thou and watch! — the world is gray  
 With morning light!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

HIS PILGRIMAGE

**G**IVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
 My staff of faith to walk upon,  
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
 My bottle of salvation,  
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage;  
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;  
 No other balm will there be given;  
 Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
 Travelleth towards the land of heaven;  
 Over the silver mountains,  
 Where spring the nectar fountains:  
     There will I kiss  
     The bowl of bliss;  
 And drink mine everlasting fill  
 Upon every milken hill.  
 My soul will be a-dry before;  
 But, after, it will thirst no more.

THE CONCLUSION

**E**VEN such is Time, that takes in trust  
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
 And pays us but with earth and dust;  
 Who in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wander'd all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days;  
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

## SWEET IS THE ROSE

FROM "THE FAERIE QUEENE"

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a breere;  
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;  
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;  
Sweet is the furbloom, but his branches rough;  
Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;  
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;  
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough;  
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;  
So, every sweet, with sour is tempered still,  
That maketh it be coveted the more:  
For easy things that may be got at will  
Most sorts of men do set but little store.  
Why then should I account of little pain,  
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

EDMUND SPENSER

## PRAYER

FROM "THE PASSING OF ARTHUR"

AND slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
I have liv'd my life, and that which I have done  
May He within himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by  
prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy  
voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

## I

OH, to be in England now that April's there  
 And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning,  
     unaware,  
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
 In England — now!

## II

And after April, when May follows  
 And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows!  
 Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's  
     edge —  
 That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice  
     over  
 Lest you should think he never could recapture  
 The first fine careless rapture!  
 And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
 Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING



## BLOSSOMING SPRING

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

NOW fades the last long streak of snow,  
Now burgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drown'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## THE UNSEEN

FROM "A MYSTICAL BALLAD"

**J**UST on the farther bound of sense,  
Unproved by outward evidence,  
But known by a deep influence  
Which through our grosser clay doth shine  
With light unwaning and divine,  
Beyond where highest thought can fly  
Stretcheth the world of Mystery —  
And they not greatly overween  
Who deem that nothing true hath been  
Save the unspeakable Unseen.

One step beyond life's work-day things,  
One more beat of the soul's broad wings,  
One deeper sorrow sometimes brings  
The spirit into that great Vast  
Where neither future is nor past;  
None knoweth how he entered there,  
But, waking, finds his spirit where  
He thought an angel could not soar,  
And, what he called false dreams before,  
The very air about his door.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## GOD AND MAN

FROM "RABBI BEN EZRA"

**T**HOUGHTS hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:  
All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,  
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher  
shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,  
That metaphor! and feel  
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay, —  
Thou, to whom fools propound,  
When the wine makes its round,  
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize  
to-day!"  
Fool! All that is, at all,  
Lasts ever, past recall;  
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:  
What entered into thee,  
*That* was, is, and shall be:  
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay  
endure.

ROBERT BROWNING

## THY WILL, NOT MINE

**H**E sendeth sun, he sendeth shower,  
Alike they're needful for the flower:  
And joys and tears alike are sent  
To give the soul fit nourishment.  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!

Can loving children e'er reprove  
With murmurs whom they trust and love?  
Creator! I would ever be  
A trusting, loving child to thee:  
As comes to me or cloud or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!

Oh, ne'er will I at life repine:  
Enough that thou hast made it mine.  
When falls the shadow cold of death  
I yet will sing, with parting breath,  
As comes to me or shade or sun,  
Father! thy will, not mine, be done!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

## PEACE

**M**Y soul, there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry  
All skilful in the wars:  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious Friend,  
And — O my soul, awake! —  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges;  
For none can thee secure  
But One who never changes —  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

HENRY VAUGHAN

## DARWINISM

WHEN first the unflowering Fern-forest  
Shaded the dim lagoons of old,  
A vague unconscious long unrest  
Swayed the great fronds of green and gold.  
Until the flexible stems grew rude,  
The fronds began to branch and bower,  
And lo! upon the unblossoming wood  
There breaks a dawn of apple-flower.  
Then on the fruitful Forest-boughs  
For ages long the unquiet ape  
Swung happy in his airy house  
And plucked the apple and sucked the grape.  
Until in him at length there stirred  
The old, unchanged, remote distress,  
That pierced his world of wind and bird  
With some divine unhappiness.  
Not Love, nor the wild fruits he sought;  
Nor the fierce battles of his clan  
Could still the unborn and aching thought  
Until the brute became the man.  
Long since. . . . And now the same unrest  
Goads to the same invisible goal,  
Till some new gift, undreamed, unguessed,  
End the new travail of the soul.

MRS. A. M. F. ROBINSON DARMESTETER

## FROM "THE WATER-FALL"

WITH what deep murmurs, through Time's  
silent stealth,  
Dost thy transparent, cool, and watery wealth  
Here flowing fall,  
And chide and call,  
As if his liquid, loose retinue stay'd  
Lingering, and were of this steep place afraid; —  
The common pass,  
As clear as glass,  
All must descend  
Not to an end,  
But quicken'd by this deep and rocky grave,  
Rise to a longer course, more bright and brave.

Dear stream! dear bank! where often I  
Have sate, and pleased my pensive eye;  
Why, since each drop of thy quick store  
Runs thither where it flow'd before,  
Should poor souls fear a shade or night,  
Who came — sure — from a sea of light?  
Or, since those drops are all sent back  
So sure to thee that none doth lack,  
Why should frail flesh doubt any more  
That what God takes He'll not restore?

HENRY VAUGHAN

## SHOW ME THE WAY

**S**HOW me the way, O Lord,  
 And make it plain:  
 I would obey Thy Word,  
 Speak yet again:  
 I will not take one step until I know  
 Which way it is that Thou wouldst have me go.

O Lord, I cannot see:  
 Vouchsafe one light:  
 The mist bewilders me,  
 Impedes my sight:  
 Hold Thou my hand, and lead me by Thy side;  
 I dare not go alone, — be Thou my Guide.

I will be patient, Lord,  
 Trustful and still:  
 I will not doubt Thy Word;  
 My hopes fulfil:  
 How can I perish, clinging to Thy side,  
 My Comforter, my Saviour, and my Guide.

JANE EUPHEMIA SAXBY



## TEACH ME TO LIVE!

**T**EACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die —  
Gently and silently to pass away —  
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye  
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

Teach me that harder lesson — how to live,  
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life:  
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,  
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

. . . . .

Teach me to live! No idler let me be  
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,  
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully —  
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

. . . . .

Teach me to live! With kindly words for all,  
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom,  
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy call  
Summons my spirit to its heavenly home.

ELLEN ELIZABETH BURMAN

BATTLE-HYMN OF GUSTAVUS  
ADOLPHUS

**B**E not dismay'd, thou little flock,  
Although the foe's fierce battle-shock  
Loud on all sides assail thee.  
Though o'er thy fall they laugh secure,  
Their triumph cannot long endure;  
Let not thy courage fail thee.

Thy cause is God's: go at His call,  
And to His hand commit thy all;  
Fear thou no ill impending:  
His Gideon shall arise for thee,  
God's word and people manfully  
In God's own time defending.

Our hope is sure in Jesus' might;  
Against themselves the godless fight,  
Themselves, not us, distressing;  
Shame and contempt their lot shall be;  
God is with us, with Him are we,  
To us belongs His blessing.

*Swedish of* DR. JACOB FABRICIUS  
*Translation of* ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

## THE MORNING SPLENDOUR

**N**OW, when the dusky shades of night, retreating  
Before the sun's red banner, swiftly flee;  
Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,  
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee, —

To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,  
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,  
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,  
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us  
Thy light and truth to guide us onward still;  
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,  
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

So, when that morn of endless light is waking,  
And shades of evil from its splendours flee,  
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,  
Through all the long bright day to dwell with  
Thee.

*Latin of GREGORY THE GREAT  
Translator Unknown*

## THE COMING OF SPRING

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON"

COME with bows bent and with emptying of  
quivers,

Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
With a clamour of waters, and with might;  
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;  
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?  
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to  
her,

Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!  
For the stars and the winds are unto her  
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
And all the season of snows and sins;  
The days dividing lover and lover,  
The light that loses, the night that wins;  
And time remember'd is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

## THE KINGDOM

**L**IFT up your heads, rejoice,  
Redemption draweth nigh:  
Now breathes a softer air,  
Now shines a milder sky;  
The early trees put forth  
Their new and tender leaf;  
Hushed is the morning wind  
That told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,  
Redemption draweth nigh:  
Now mount the laden clouds,  
Now flames the darkening sky.  
The early scattered drops  
Descend with heavy fall,  
And to the waiting earth  
The hidden thunders call.

. . . . .  
He comes, the wide world's King;  
He comes, the true heart's Friend;  
New gladness to begin  
And ancient wrong to end.  
He comes to fill with light  
The weary waiting eye:  
Lift up your heads, rejoice,  
Redemption draweth nigh.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH

## THE THROSTLE

SUMMER is coming, summer is coming,  
I know it, I know it, I know it.  
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."  
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.  
Last year you sung it as gladly.  
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new  
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young  
again,"  
Never a prophet so crazy!  
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,  
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"  
O warble unchidden, unbidden!  
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,  
And all the winters are hidden.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## THE SPRING-TIDE HOUR

**T**HE spring-tide hour  
Brings leaf and flower,  
With songs of life and love;  
And many a lay  
Wears out the day  
In many a leafy grove:  
Bird, flow'r, and tree  
Seem to agree  
Their choicest gifts to bring;  
But this poor heart  
Bears not its part,  
In it there is no spring.

. . . . .  
Lord! let Thy love  
Fresh from above,  
Soft as the south wind blow;  
Call forth its bloom,  
Wake its perfume,  
And bid its spices flow!  
And when Thy voice  
Makes earth rejoice,  
And the hills laugh and sing;  
Lord, make this heart  
To bear its part,  
And join the praise of spring!

JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL

## THE TORCH OF LOVE

FROM "THE BURIED LIFE"

**B**UT often, in the world's most crowded streets,  
 But often, in the din of strife,  
 There rises an unspeakable desire  
 After the knowledge of our buried life;  
 A thirst to spend our fire and restless force  
 In tracking out our true, original course;  
 A longing to inquire  
 Into the mystery of this heart which beats  
 So wild, so deep in us — to know  
 Whence our lives come and where they go.  
 And many a man in his own breast then delves,  
 But deep enough, alas! none ever mines.

Only — but this is rare —  
 When a belovèd hand is laid in ours,  
 When, jaded with the rush and glare  
 Of the interminable hours,  
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,  
 When our world deafened ear  
 Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed, —  
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,  
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.  
 The eyes sink inward and the heart lies plain,  
 And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we  
 know.

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,  
 And hears its winding murmur and he sees  
 The meadow where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

MATTHEW ARNOLD



BE THOU CONTENT

**B**E thou content; be still before  
His face, at whose right hand doth reign  
Fulness of joy for evermore,  
Without whom all thy toil is vain.  
He is thy living spring, thy sun, whose rays  
Make glad with life and light thy dreary days.  
Be thou content.

In Him is comfort, light, and grace,  
And changeless love beyond our thought;  
The sorest pang, the worst disgrace,  
If He is there, shall harm thee not.  
He can lift off thy cross, and loose thy bands,  
And calm thy fears, nay, death is in His hands.  
Be thou content.

Or art thou friendless and alone,  
Hast none in whom thou canst confide?  
God careth for thee, lonely one,  
Comfort and help will He provide.  
He sees thy sorrows and thy hidden grief,  
He knoweth when to send thee quick relief;  
Be thou content.

PAUL GERHARDT

## EASTER

**M**OST glorious Lord of Lyfe! that, on this day  
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin  
And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away  
Captivity thence captive, us to win:  
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin;  
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,  
Being with Thy deare blood clene washt from sin,  
May live for ever in felicity!  
And that Thy love we weighing worthily,  
May likewise love Thee for the same againe;  
And for Thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,  
With love may one another entertayne!  
So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought,  
— Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

EDMUND SPENSER

## COMFORT

**S**PEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet  
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so  
Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!  
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
Let my tears drop like amber while I go  
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
In humanest affection — thus, in sooth,  
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,  
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,  
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth  
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

## SWEET AFTER SHOWERS

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,  
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom  
Of evening over brake and bloom  
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below  
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,  
And shadowing down the horned flood  
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
The full new life that feeds thy breath  
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,  
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas  
On leagues of odour streaming far,  
To where in yonder orient star  
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY

**D**EAR, secret greenness! nurst below  
Tempests and winds and winter nights!  
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow;  
That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright  
Within itself, an outward test?  
Who breaks his glass, to take more light,  
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch  
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;  
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch  
Till the white-winged reapers come!

HENRY VAUGHAN

## SHAKESPEARE

DIED APRIL 23, 1616

**O**THERS abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill  
That to the stars uncrown his majesty,  
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foil'd searching of mortality;  
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honoured, self-  
secure,  
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at. Better so!  
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,  
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

## AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

SHAKESPEARE, thy legacy of peerless song  
Reveals mankind in every age and place,  
In every joy, in every grief and wrong:  
'Tis England's legacy to all our race.  
Little we know of all thine inner life,  
Little of all thy swift, thy wondrous years —  
Years filled with toil, rich years whose days were rife  
With strains that bring us mirth, that bring us tears.  
Little we know, and yet this much we know,  
Sense was thy guiding star — sense guided thee  
To live in this thy Stratford long ago,  
To live content in calm simplicity;  
Greatest of those who wrought with soul aflame  
At honest daily work — then found it fame.

MACKENZIE BELL

## OUR LIVING DEAD

**G**OD of the living, in Whose eyes  
Unveil'd Thy whole creation lies;  
All souls are Thine; we must not say  
That those are dead who pass away;  
From this our world of flesh set free,  
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,  
With Thee is hidden still their life;  
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,  
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;  
For well we know, where'er they be,  
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapp'd in dreamless sleep profound,  
Not wandering in unknown despair  
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;  
Not left to lie like fallen tree;  
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
That none might fear that world to see,  
Where all are living unto Thee.

JOHN ELLERTON



## LIFE'S MYSTERY

LIFE'S mystery, — deep, restless as the ocean, —  
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and'fro;  
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion  
As in and out its hollow moanings flow;  
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,  
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,  
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,  
From far-off worlds, from dim eternal shores  
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strands, —  
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea  
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in thee!

Thy piercèd hand guides the mysterious wheels;  
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of  
power;  
And when the dark enigma presseth sore  
Thy patient voice saith, "Watch with me one  
hour!"  
As sinks the moaning river in the sea  
In silver peace, — so sinks my soul in Thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

## PERSEVERANCE

A SWALLOW in the spring  
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves  
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring  
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled  
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,  
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,  
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,  
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,  
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought  
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed  
The last soft feather on its ample floor;  
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste  
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,  
And toiled again, — and last night, hearing calls,  
I looked, — and lo! three little swallows slept  
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!  
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?  
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?  
Have faith, and struggle on!

R. S. S. ANDROS

## NATURE'S MONITIONS

FROM "DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS"

**E**VERMORE, through years renew'd  
In undisturb'd vicissitude  
Of seasons balancing their flight  
On the swift wings of day and night,  
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
Wide open for the scatter'd Poor.  
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies  
Is wafted in mute harmonies;  
And ground fresh-cloven by the plough  
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;  
Where birds and brooks from leafy dells  
Chime forth unwearied canticles,  
And vapours magnify and spread  
The glory of the sun's bright head: —  
Still constant in her worship, still  
Conforming to the eternal Will,  
Whether men sow or reap the fields,  
Divine monition Nature yields,  
That not by bread alone we live,  
Or what a hand of flesh can give;  
That every day should leave some part  
Free for a sabbath of the heart:  
So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
From morn to eve, with hallow'd rest.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## MORNING HYMN

SWEET Morn! from countless cups of gold  
 Thou liftest reverently on high  
 More incense fine than earth can hold,  
 To fill the sky.

One interfusion wide of love,  
 Thine airs and odors moist ascend,  
 And 'mid the azure depths above,  
 With light they blend.

The lark, by his own carol blest,  
 From thy green arbors eager springs;  
 And his large heart in little breast  
 Exulting sings.

In man, O Morn! a loftier good,  
 With conscious blessing, fills the soul,  
 A life by reason understood,  
 Which metes the whole.

Like earth, awake, and warm and bright,  
 With joy the spirit moves and burns;  
 So up to Thee, O Fount of Light!  
 Our light returns.

JOHN STERLING

## DAFFODILS

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## AUTHORITY

**L**AUNCHED upon ether float the worlds secure.  
Naught hath the truthful Maker to conceal.  
No trestle-work of adamant or steel  
Is that high firmament where these endure.  
Patient, majestic, round their cynosure  
In secular procession see them wheel;  
Self-poised, but not self-centred, for they feel  
In each tense fibre one all-conquering lure.  
And need I fret me, Father, for that Thou  
Dost will the weightiest verities to swing  
On viewless orbits? Nay, henceforth I cleave  
More firmly to the Credo; and my vow  
With readier footstep to thine altar bring,  
As one who counts it freedom to believe.

WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON

## THE PLOUGH

A LANDSCAPE IN BERKSHIRE

ABOVE yon sombre swell of land  
Thou see'st the dawn's grave orange hue,  
With one pale streak like yellow sand,  
And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods;  
All silent is the earth and sky,  
Except with his own lonely moods  
The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,  
Like hope that gilds a good man's brow;  
And now ascends the nostril-stream  
Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid Ploughmen, bear in mind  
Your labour is for future hours:  
Advance — spare not — nor look behind —  
Plough deep and straight with all your powers!

RICHARD HENRY HORNE

## TO THE DANDELION

**D**EAR common flower, that growest beside the  
way,

Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,  
First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth, — thou art more dear to me  
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,  
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!  
Thou teachest me to deem  
More sacredly of every human heart,  
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam  
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,  
Did we but pay the love we owe,  
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look  
On all these living pages of God's book.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



## PATIENCE

**B**E patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against  
the earth;

Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed  
has birth —

How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little  
way,

Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the  
blade stands up in the day.

. . . . .

Be patient! oh, be patient — go and watch the  
wheat ears grow —

So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor  
throe —

Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully  
grown,

And then again day after day, till the ripened field  
is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient! — though yet our  
hopes are green,

The harvest-fields of freedom shall be crowned  
with sunny sheen.

Be ripening! be ripening! — mature your silent way,  
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on  
freedom's harvest day!

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH

## SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

**I**NTO the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, O thither,  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions  
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and  
band  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

*German of* JOHANN G. VON SALIS  
*Translation of* H. W. LONGFELLOW

THE OTHER WORLD

**I**T lies around us like a cloud,  
 The world we do not see;  
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
 May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks  
 Amid our worldly cares;  
 Its gentle voices whisper love,  
 And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,  
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
 And palpitates the veil between,  
 With breathings almost heard.

. . . . .

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,  
 Press nearer to our side;  
 Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
 With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
 A dried and vanished stream;  
 Your joy be the reality,  
 Our suffering life the dream.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

## THE LARGER HOPE

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

**T**HE wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

STRONG SON OF GOD

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

**S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
 Believing where we cannot prove;

. . . . .

Thou seemest human and divine,  
 The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;  
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
 Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
 They have their day and cease to be;  
 They are but broken lights of Thee,  
 And Thou, oh Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;  
 For knowledge is of things we see;  
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

. . . . .

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
 Confusions of a wasted youth:  
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## MAY AND THE POETS

**T**HERE is May in books forever;  
May will part from Spenser never;  
May's in Milton, May's in Prior,  
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;  
May's in all the Italian books: —  
She has old and modern nooks,  
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves,  
In happy places they call shelves,  
And will rise and dress your rooms  
With a drapery thick with blooms.  
Come, ye rains, then if ye will,  
May's at home, and with me still;  
But come rather, thou, good weather,  
And find us in the fields together.

LEIGH HUNT

## MORNING

FROM "L'ALLEGRO"

SOMETIME walking, not unseen,  
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate  
Where the great Sun begins his state,  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
While the ploughman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures:  
Russet lawns and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

JOHN MILTON

## TO THE CUCKOO

**H**AIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
 Thou messenger of spring!  
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear.  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
 I hail the time of flowers,  
 And hear the sound of music sweet  
 From birds among the bowers.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year!

O, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
 We'd make, with joyful wing,  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN



## SPRING SWEETNESS

FROM "DEDICATION"

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill,  
The air was cooling, and so very still,  
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride  
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,  
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,  
Had not yet lost their starry diadems  
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.  
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,  
And fresh from the clear brook; sweetly they slept  
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept  
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves;  
For not the faintest motion could be seen  
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.  
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,  
To peer about upon variety;  
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,  
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim;  
To picture out the quaint and curious bending  
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending:  
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,  
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.  
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach  
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds.

JOHN KEATS

## ON THE MOUNT

**S**TAY, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill:  
 A little longer let us linger still;  
 With these three mighty ones of old beside,  
 Near to the Awful Presence still abide;  
 Before the throne of light we trembling stand,  
 And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

Stay, Master, stay! We breathe a purer air;  
 This life is not the life that waits us there:  
 Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go:  
 We cannot speak them — nay, we do not know;  
 Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be  
 The thing we fain would grow — eternally.

“No!” saith the Lord, “the hour is past, — we go;  
 Our home, our life, our duties lie below.  
 While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,  
 The plough lies waiting in the furrow there!  
 Here we sought God that we might know His will:  
 There we must do it, — serve Him, — seek Him  
 still.”

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,  
 O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.  
 He who does best his lowly duty here  
 Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere.  
 At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,  
 And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

SAMUEL GREG

LABOR

FROM "LABORARE EST ORARE"

**L**ABOR is life! 'tis the still water faileth;  
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;  
 Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;  
     Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
 Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens;  
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;  
     Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in  
     tune!

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us;  
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;  
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;  
     Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.  
 Work, — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;  
 Work, — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;  
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow,  
     Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not, — though shame, sin, and anguish are  
     round thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!  
 Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!

Rest not content in thy darkness, — a clod!

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!

Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;

Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD

## A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS

**B**RAVE flowers — that I could gallant it like you,  
And be as little vain!

You come abroad, and make a harmless show,  
And to your beds of earth again.

You are not proud: you know your birth:  
For your embroider'd garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I  
Would have it ever Spring:

My fate would know no Winter, never die,  
Nor think of such a thing.

O that I could my bed of earth but view  
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,  
But rather to take truce!

How often have I seen you at a bier,  
And there look fresh and spruce!

You fragrant flowers! then teach me, that my  
breath

Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

BISHOP HENRY KING

THE USE OF FLOWERS

**G**OD might have bade the earth bring forth  
 Enough for great and small,  
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
 Without a flower at all.  
 We might have had enough, enough  
 For every want of ours,  
 For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
 And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
 All dyed with rainbow light,  
 All fashioned with supremest grace,  
 Upspringing day and night: —  
 Springing in valleys green and low,  
 And on the mountains high,  
 And in the silent wilderness  
 Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not, —  
 Then wherefore had they birth? —  
 To minister delight to man,  
 To beautify the earth;  
 To comfort man, — to whisper hope,  
 Whene'er his faith is dim,  
 For who so careth for the flowers  
 Will care much more for him!

MARY HOWITT

## WHO GATHER GOLD

**T**HEY soon grow old who grope for gold  
In marts where all is bought and sold:  
Who live for self and on some shelf  
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf;  
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould —  
For them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold  
Where spring awakes and flowers unfold;  
Where suns arise in joyous skies,  
And fill the soul within their eyes.  
For them the immortal bards have sung;  
For them old age itself is young.

ANDREW BICE SAXTON

## THE POET

**M**OST sweet is it with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,  
While a fair region round the traveller lies  
Which he forbears again to look upon;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
If thought and love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse;  
With thought and love companions of our way,  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
The mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## AN EVENING HYMN

**L**ORD, should we oft forget to sing  
A thankful evening song of praise,  
This duty they to mind might bring  
Who chirp among the bushy sprays.  
For to their perches they retire,  
When first the twilight waxeth dim;  
And every night that sweet-voiced choir  
Shuts up the daylight with a hymn.

Ten thousand-fold more cause have we  
To close each day with praiseful voice,  
To offer thankful hearts to Thee,  
And in Thy mercies to rejoice.  
Therefore for all Thy mercies past,  
For those this evening doth afford,  
And which for times to come Thou hast,  
We give Thee hearty thanks, O Lord!

GEORGE WITHER



STILL, STILL WITH THEE

**S**TILL, still with Thee, when purple morning  
breaketh,

When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;  
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,  
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born;  
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,  
The image of the morning star doth rest,  
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only  
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

. . . . .

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;  
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,  
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;  
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

## WIND AND SEA

**T**HE sea is a jovial comrade,  
He laughs wherever he goes;  
His merriment shines in the dimpling lines  
That wrinkle his hale repose;  
He lays himself down at the feet of the Sun,  
And shakes all over with glee,  
And the broad-backed billows fall faint on the shore,  
In the mirth of the mighty Sea!

But the Wind is sad and restless,  
And cursed with an inward pain!  
You may hark as you will, by valley or hill,  
But you hear him still complain.  
He wails on the barren mountains,  
And shrieks on the wintry sea;  
He sobs in the cedar, and moans in the pine,  
And shudders all over the aspen tree.

Welcome are both their voices,  
And I know not which is best,—  
The laughter that slips from the Ocean's lips,  
Or the comfortless Wind's unrest.  
There's a pang in all rejoicing,  
A joy in the heart of pain,  
And the Wind that saddens, the Sea that gladdens,  
Are singing the self-same strain!

BAYARD TAYLOR

## THE INDIVIDUAL SOUL

FROM "CALAMUS"

**T**UMBLING on steadily, nothing dreading,  
Sunshine, storm, cold, heat, forever withstanding,  
passing, carrying,  
The Soul's realization and determination still  
inheriting,  
The fluid vacuum around and ahead still entering  
and dividing,  
No balk retarding, no anchor anchoring, on no rock  
striking,  
Swift, glad, content, unbereaved, nothing losing,  
Of all able and ready at any time to give strict  
account,  
The divine ship sails the divine sea.  
Whoever you are! motion and reflection are espe-  
cially for you,  
The divine ship sails the divine sea for you.  
Whoever you are! you are he or she for whom the  
earth is solid and liquid,  
You are he or she for whom the sun and moon hang  
in the sky,  
For none more than you are the present and the past,  
For none more than you is immortality.  
Each man to himself, and each woman to herself,  
is the word of the past and present, and the  
word of immortality,  
No one can acquire for another — not one!  
Not one can grow for another — not one!

WALT WHITMAN

## ROOTED IN LOVE

OH thou of dark forebodings drear,  
Oh thou of such a faithless heart,  
Hast thou forgotten what thou art,  
That thou hast ventured so to fear?

No weed on ocean's bosom cast,  
Borne by its never-resting foam  
This way and that, without a home,  
Till flung on some bleak shore at last:

But thou the lotus, which above  
Sway'd here and there by wind and tide,  
Yet still below doth fix'd abide,  
Fast rooted in the eternal Love.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
 The bridal of the earth and sky;  
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave  
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
 Thy root is ever in its grave,  
 And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
 A box where sweets compacted lie,  
 My music shows ye have your closes,  
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
 But though the whole world turn to coal,  
 Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT

## THE PRAYER

WILT Thou not visit me?  
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;  
And every blade of grass I see,  
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?  
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone,  
And every hill and tree  
Lends but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need Thy love,  
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;  
Come, gently as Thy holy dove;  
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them,  
When Thy storms come, though fierce may be their  
wrath;  
But bow with leafy stem,  
And strengthened follow on Thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me;  
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,  
As when, from sin set free,  
My spirit loves with Thine in peace to dwell.

JONES VERY

## TO THE HEIGHTS

FROM "THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE"

ALL thoughts of ill: all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill:  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will; —

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern — unseen before —  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,  
To something nobler we attain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

## SUNRISE

FROM "THE SEASONS"

**Y**ONDER comes the powerful king of day,  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illumed with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all  
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and color'd air,  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering  
streams,  
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!  
Of all material beings first, and best!  
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen  
Shines out thy Maker, may I sing of thee?

JAMES THOMSON



## EVENING AND MORNING

COMES, at times, a stillness as of even,  
Steeping the soul in memories of love,  
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,  
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.

Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,  
On the dying breath of evening borne,  
Sinks the traveller, faint and weary hearted,  
"Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."

Comes, at length, a sound of many voices,  
As when the waves break lightly on the shore;  
As when at dawn the feather'd choir rejoices,  
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,  
Borne on the breezes of the rising day;  
Saying, "The Lord shall make an end of sadness,"  
Saying, "The Lord shall wipe all tears away."

ISAAC GREGORY SMITH

## FAITH AND REASON

FROM "THE LIBRARY"

WHEN first Religion came to bless the land,  
Her friends were then a firm believing band,  
To doubt was then to plunge in guilt extreme,  
And all was gospel that a monk could dream;  
Insulted Reason fled the grovelling soul,  
For Fear to guide, and visions to control;  
But now, when Reason has assumed her throne,  
She, in her turn, demands to reign alone;  
Rejecting all that lies beyond her view,  
And, being judge, will be a witness too:  
Insulted Faith then leaves the doubtful mind,  
To seek the truth, without a power to find:  
Ah! when will both in friendly beams unite,  
And pour on erring man resistless light?

GEORGE CRABBE

## THE OLD AND THE NEW

O, SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,  
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right!  
And step by step, since time began,  
We see the steady gain of man; —

That all of good the past hath had  
Remains to make our own time glad,  
Our common daily life divine,  
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear  
To find the Orient's marvels here,  
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,  
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

For still the new transcends the old,  
In signs and tokens manifold;  
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves  
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of our day  
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;  
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear  
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more  
For olden time and holier shore;  
God's love and blessing, then and there,  
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

## MAY

**I** FEEL a newer life in every gale;  
The winds that fan the flowers,  
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,  
Tell of serener hours, —  
Of hours that glide unfelt away  
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls  
From his blue throne of air,  
And where his whispering voice in music falls,  
Beauty is budding there;  
The bright ones of the valley break  
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,  
And the wide forest weaves,  
To welcome back its playful mates again,  
A canopy of leaves;  
And from its darkening shadow floats  
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;  
The tresses of the woods  
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;  
And the full-brimming floods,  
As gladly to their goal they run,  
Hail the returning sun.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

## TWO INFINITIES

A LONELY way, and as I went my eyes  
Could not unfasten from the Spring's sweet things,  
Lush-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and clings  
In loose, deep hedges, where the primrose lies  
In her own fairness, buried blooms surprise  
The plunderer bee and stop his murmurings,  
And the glad flutter of a finch's wings  
Outstartle small blue-speckled butterflies.  
Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile  
My whole heart long; I lov'd each separate flower,  
Kneeling. I look'd up suddenly — Dear God!  
There stretch'd the shining plain for many a mile,  
The mountains rose with what invincible power!  
And how the sky was fathomless and broad!

EDWARD DOWDEN

## THE SKY-LARK

**B**IRD of the wilderness,  
Blythesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
O to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay and loud  
Far in the downy cloud,  
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying?  
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather glooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place —  
O to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG

## LIFE

COME, track with me this little vagrant rill,  
Wandering its wild course from the mountain's  
breast;  
Now with a brink fantastic, heather-drest,  
And playing with the stooping flowers at will;  
Now moving scarce, with noiseless step and still;  
Anon it seems to weary of its rest,  
And hurries on, leaping with sparkling zest  
Adown the ledges of the broken hill.  
So let us live. Is not the life well spent  
Which loves the lot that kindly Nature weaves  
For all, inheriting or adorning Earth?  
Which throws light pleasure over true content,  
Blossoms with fruitage, flowers as well as leaves,  
And sweetens wisdom with a taste of mirth?

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY

## THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE

AS on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,  
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,  
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal, —  
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;  
“Thanks be to heaven,” in happier mood I said,  
“What sweeter aid my matins could befall  
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?  
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,  
To bid us feel and see! We are not free  
To say we see not, for the glory comes  
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;  
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms;  
And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me  
With golden shadows to my secret rooms!”

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER



## HIDDEN JOYS

P LEASURES lie thickest where no pleasures  
seem:

There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground  
But holds some joy, of silence, or of sound,  
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.  
The very meanest things are made supreme  
With innate ecstasy. No grain of sand  
But moves a bright and million-peopled land,  
And hath its Edens and its Eves, I deem.  
For Love, though blind himself, a curious eye  
Hath lent me, to behold the hearts of things,  
And touch'd mine ear with power. Thus, far or  
nigh,  
Minute or mighty, fix'd or free with wings,  
Delight from many a nameless covert sly  
Peeps sparkling, and in tones familiar sings.

LAMAN BLANCHARD

## IN THESE CALM SHADES

FROM "A FOREST HYMN"

LET me often to these solitudes  
Retire, and in thy presence reassure  
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,  
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink  
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou  
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire  
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,  
With all the waters of the firmament,  
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods  
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,  
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself  
Upon the continent, and overwhelms  
Its cities, — who forgets not, at the sight  
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,  
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?  
O, from these sterner aspects of thy face  
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath  
Of the mad unchainèd elements to teach  
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,  
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,  
And to the beautiful order of thy works  
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

## A DREAM

I DREAMED I had a plot of ground,  
Once when I chanced asleep to drop,  
And that a green hedge fenced it round,  
Cloudy with roses at the top.

I saw a hundred mornings rise, --  
So far a little dream may reach, --  
And Spring with Summer in her eyes  
Making the chiefest charm of each.

A thousand vines were climbing o'er  
The hedge, I thought, but as I tried  
To pull them down, for evermore  
The flowers dropt off the other side!

Waking, I said, "These things are signs  
Sent to instruct us that 'tis ours  
Duly to keep and dress our vines, --  
Waiting in patience for the flowers."

And when the angel feared of all  
Across my hearth its shadow spread,  
"The rose that climbed my garden wall  
Has bloomed the other side," I said.

ALICE CARY

## TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD

A PRESENT BY A CHILD

**G**O, pretty child, and bear this flower  
Unto thy little Saviour;  
And tell Him, by that bud now blown,  
He is the Rose of Sharon known.  
When thou hast said so, stick it there  
Upon His bib or stomacher;  
And tell Him, for good handsel too,  
That thou hast brought a whistle new,  
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,  
To charm His cries at time of need.  
Tell Him, for coral, thou hast none,  
But if thou hadst, He should have one;  
But poor thou art, and known to be  
Even as moneyless as He.  
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss  
From those mellifluous lips of His;  
Then never take a second on,  
To spoil the first impression.

ROBERT HERRICK

## THE MOSS ROSE

THE angel of the flowers, one day,  
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay, —  
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given  
To bathe young buds in dew's of heaven.  
Awaking from his light repose,  
The angel whispered to the rose:  
"O fondest object of my care,  
Still fairest found, where all are fair;  
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."  
"Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,  
"On me another grace bestow."  
The spirit paused, in silent thought,  
What grace was there that flower had not?  
'Twas but a moment, — o'er the rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws,  
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,  
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

*German of* FRIEDRICH WILHELM KRUMMACHER

## FLOWERS

I WILL not have the mad Clytie,  
Whose head is turn'd by the sun;  
The tulip is a courtly quean,  
Whom, therefore I will shun;  
The cowslip is a country wench,  
The violet is a nun;  
But I will woo the dainty rose,  
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,  
In too much haste to wed,  
And clasps her rings on every hand;  
The wolfsbane I should dread;  
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,  
That always mourns the dead;  
But I will woo the dainty rose,  
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,  
And so is no mate for me,  
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,  
She is of such low degree;  
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,  
And the broom's betroth'd to the bee;  
But I will plight with the dainty rose,  
For fairest of all is she.

THOMAS HOOD

## FROM "THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN"

**H**OW vainly men themselves amaze  
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,  
And their incessant labours see  
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,  
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade  
Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
While all the flowers and trees do close  
To weave the garlands of repose!

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less  
Withdraws into its happiness;  
The mind, that ocean where each kind  
Does straight its own resemblance find;  
Yet it creates, transcending these,  
Far other worlds, and other seas;  
Annihilating all that's made  
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
Casting the body's vest aside,  
My soul into the boughs does glide;  
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,  
Then whets and combs its silver wings,  
And, till prepared for longer flight,  
Waves in its plumes the various light.

ANDREW MARVELL

## RURAL SOUNDS

FROM "THE TASK"

**N**OR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,  
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,  
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood  
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike  
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,  
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;  
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,  
And all their leaves fast fluttering, all at once;  
Nor less composure waits upon the roar  
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice  
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip  
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall  
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length  
In matted grass, that with a livelier green  
Betrays the secret of their silent course.  
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,  
But animated nature sweeter still,  
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.  
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one  
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes  
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,  
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime  
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,  
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,  
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.  
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,  
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,  
And only there, please highly for their sake.

WILLIAM COWPER



## A WOMAN'S WISH

**W**OULD I were lying in a field of clover,  
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,  
With dusky clouds in deep skies hanging over,  
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of worry  
In eager haste from Thought's impatient neck,  
And watch it coursing — in its heedless hurry  
Disdaining Wisdom's whistles, Duty's beck.

Ah, it were sweet where clover clumps are meeting,  
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;  
No sound except my own heart's steady beating,  
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast, —

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing  
That comes of listening to a free bird's song!  
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing —  
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long.

And I am tired! — so tired of rigid duty,  
So tired of all my tired hands find to do!  
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,  
Its loose beads with no straight string running  
through.

Ay, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech,  
But women sometimes die of such a greed, —  
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,  
And the assurance they have all they need.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

## TO THE SKYLARK

**E**THEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!  
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound  
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?  
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,  
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompted  
strain,  
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;  
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
A privacy of glorious light is thine,  
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam, —  
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## FAITH

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part!  
It is not wisdom to be only wise,  
And on the inward vision close the eyes,  
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.  
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,  
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;  
To trust the soul's invincible surmise  
Was all his science and his only art.  
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine  
That lights the pathway but one step ahead  
Across a void of mystery and dread.  
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine  
By which alone the mortal heart is led  
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

## THE UNKNOWN

FROM "A NIGHT IN ITALY"

CLOSE not thy hand upon the innocent joy  
That trusts itself within thy reach. It may,  
Or may not, linger. Thou canst but destroy  
The wingèd wanderer. Let it go or stay.  
Love thou the rose, yet leave it on its stem.  
Think! Midas starved by turning all to gold.  
Blessèd are those that spare, and that withhold;  
Because the whole world shall be trusted them.

Chase not too close the fading rapture. Leave  
To Love his long auroras, slowly seen.  
Be ready to release as to receive.  
Deem those the nearest, soul to soul, between  
Whose lips yet lingers reverence on a sigh.  
Judge what thy sense can reach not, most thine  
own,  
If once thy soul hath seized it. The unknown  
Is life to love, religion, poetry.

GEORGE MEREDITH

## COST AND WORTH

FROM "BITTER-SWEET"

**T**HUS is it over all the earth!  
That which we call the fairest,  
And prize for its surpassing worth,  
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,  
And gluts the laggard forges:  
But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles  
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land  
With heaped and rounded ledges,  
But diamonds hide within the sand  
Their starry edges.

God gives no value unto men  
Unmatched by need of labor;  
And Cost, of Worth, has ever been  
The closest neighbor.

Wide is the gate and broad the way  
That opens to perdition,  
And countless multitudes are they  
Who seek admission.

But strait the gate, the path unkind,  
That leads to life immortal,  
And few the careful feet that find  
That hidden portal.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

## MORNING HYMN

**A**WAKE, my Soul, and with the sun,  
 Thy daily stage of duty run;  
 Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,  
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;  
 Each present day thy last esteem;  
 Improve thy talent with due care,  
 For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
 Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;  
 Think how all-seeing God thy ways,  
 And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

By influence of the light divine,  
 Let thy own light to others shine;  
 Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,  
 In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,  
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THOMAS KEN

## THE CLOVER

SOME sings of the lily, and daisy, and rose,  
And the pansies and pinks that the summer-time  
throws

In the green grassy lap of the medder that lays  
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunshiny days;  
But what is the lily and all of the rest  
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his breast  
That has dipped brimmin' full of the honey and dew  
Of the sweet clover-blossoms his babyhood knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now,  
Or fool round a stable, or climb in the mow,  
But my childhood comes back, just as clear and as  
plain

As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;  
And I wander away in a barefooted dream,  
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that gleam  
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of love  
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin' above.

And so I love clover — it seems like a part  
Of the sacreddest sorrows and joys of my heart;  
And wherever it blossoms, oh, there let me bow,  
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' him now;  
And I pray to him still for the strength, when I die,  
To go out in the clover and tell it good-by,  
And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom,  
While my soul slips away on a breath of perfume.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

## FIRST-DAY THOUGHTS

**I**N calm and cool and silence, once again  
I find my old accustomed place among  
My brethren, where, perchance, no human tongue  
Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,  
Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,  
Nor dim light falling through the pictured pane!  
There, syllabled by silence, let me hear  
The still small voice which reached the prophet's  
ear;  
Read in my heart a still diviner law  
Than Israel's leader on his tables saw!  
There let me strive with each besetting sin,  
Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain  
The sore disquiet of a restless brain;  
And, as the path of duty is made plain,  
May grace be given that I may walk therein,  
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,  
With backward glances and reluctant tread,  
Making a merit of his coward dread, —  
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,  
Walking as one to pleasant service led;  
Doing God's will as if it were my own,  
Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength alone!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



## INFLUENCE

FROM "LUCILE"

NO stream from its source  
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,  
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose  
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows  
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?

No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.  
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,  
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne  
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their  
own,

Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest  
sorrow,

Honest work for the day, honest hope for the  
morrow,

Are these worth nothing more than the hand they  
make weary,

The heart they have sadden'd, the life they leave  
dreary?

Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the  
Spirit

Echo: He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTON (*Owen Meredith*)

## LIFE

I MADE a posie, while the day ran by:  
"Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
My life within this band."  
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;  
I took, without more thinking, in good part  
Time's gentle admonition;  
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,  
Making my minde to smell my fatall day,  
Yet sug'ring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent;  
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,  
And after death for cures.  
I follow straight without complaints or grief;  
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if  
It be as short as yours.

GEORGE HERBERT

## ASPIRATION

**L**EAVE me, O Love which reachest but to dust;  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;  
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.  
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might  
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;  
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,  
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.  
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide  
In this small course which birth draws out to death,  
And think how ill becometh him to slide,  
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.  
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:  
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

## NATURE'S GLADNESS

FROM "TO A SKY-LARK"

WE look before and after,  
 And pine for what is not;  
 Our sincerest laughter  
 With some pain is fraught;  
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest  
 thought.

. . . . .

Yet if we could scorn  
 Hate, and pride, and fear;  
 If we were things born  
 Not to shed a tear,  
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delightful sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE HAPPIEST HEART

WHO drives the horses of the sun  
Shall lord it but a day;  
Better the lowly deed were done,  
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,  
The dust will hide the crown;  
Ay, none shall nail so high his name  
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat  
Was in some quiet breast  
That found the common daylight sweet  
And left to Heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

## INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,  
Let not the silver lily pine,  
The drooping lily pine in vain  
To feel that dewy touch of thine, —  
To drink thy freshness once again,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;  
The cattle pant beneath the tree;  
Through parching air and purple skies  
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;  
For thee — for thee, it looks in vain,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,  
And soften all the hills with mist,  
O falling dew! from burning dreams  
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,  
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT

## FROM "LIGHT"

WHAT soul-like changes, evanescent moods,  
Upon the face of the still passive earth,  
Its hills, and fields, and woods,  
Thou with thy seasons and thy hours art ever calling forth!

Even like a lord of music bent  
Over his instrument,  
Who gives to tears and smiles an equal birth!  
When clear as holiness the morning ray  
Casts the rock's dewy darkness at its feet,  
Mottling with shadows all the mountain gray:  
When, at the hour of sovereign noon,  
Infinite silent cataracts sheet  
Shadowless through the air of thunder-breeding  
June;

And when a yellower glory slanting passes  
'Twixt longer shadows o'er the meadow grasses;  
When now the moon lifts up her shining shield,  
High on the peak of a cloud-hill reveal'd;  
Now crescent, low, wandering sun-dazed away,  
Unconscious of her own star-mingled ray,  
Her still face seeming more to think than see,  
Makes the pale world lie dreaming dreams of thee!  
No mood of mind, no melody of soul,  
But lies within thy silent soft control.

GEORGE MACDONALD

## SONG OF THE CLOUDS

FROM "THE CLOUDS"

**I**MMORTAL Clouds from the echoing shore  
Of the father of streams from the sounding sea,  
Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar;  
Dewy and gleaming and fleet are we!  
Let us look on the tree-clad mountain-crest,  
On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice,  
On the waters that murmur east and west,  
On the tumbling sea with his moaning voice.  
For unwearied glitters the Eye of the Air,  
And the bright rays gleam;  
Then cast we our shadows of mist, and fare  
In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere  
From the height of the heaven, on the land and air,  
And the Ocean Stream.

*Greek of* ARISTOPHANES  
*Translation of* ANDREW LANG



## TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

**G**REEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,  
Catching your heart up at the feel of June, —  
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,  
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;  
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class  
With those who think the candles come too soon,  
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune  
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass!  
O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,  
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,  
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are  
    strong  
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth  
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song, —  
In doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

LEIGH HUNT

## THE WORTH OF HOURS

**B**ELIEVE not that your inner eye  
Can ever in just measure try  
The worth of hours as they go by:

For every man's weak self, alas!  
Makes him to see them, while they pass,  
As through a dim or tinted glass:

But if in earnest care you would  
Metre out to each its part of good,  
Trust rather to your after-mood.

. . . . .

So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower, —  
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future need:

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develop not destroy.  
Far better than a barren joy.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON

## LOVE

**T**HE fierce exulting worlds, the motes in rays,  
The churlish thistles, scented briars,  
The wind-swept bluebells on the sunny braes,  
Down to the central fires,

Exist alike in Love. Love is a sea  
Filling all the abysses dim  
Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally  
Suns and their bright broods swim.

This mighty sea of Love, with wondrous tides,  
Is sternly just to sun and grain;  
'Tis laving at this moment Saturn's sides,  
'Tis in my blood and brain.

All things have something more than barren use;  
There is a scent upon the brier,  
A tremulous splendour in the autumn dews,  
Cold morns are fringed with fire.

The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breath'd flowers;  
In music dies poor human speech,  
And into beauty blow those hearts of ours  
When Love is born in each.

Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,  
Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give,  
The world is very lovely. O my God,  
I thank Thee that I live!

ALEXANDER SMITH

## NIGHT-DEATH

**M**YSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent  
knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And lo! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay con-  
cealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,  
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind?  
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE

## MAN'S MEDLEY

**H**ARK how the birds do sing  
And woods do ring:  
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.  
Yet if we rightly measure,  
Man's joy and pleasure  
Rather hereafter than in present is.

Not that he may not here  
Taste of the cheer;  
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,  
So must he sip, and think  
Of better drink  
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,  
So is his trouble:  
He hath two winters, other things but one;  
Both frosts and thoughts do nip  
And bite his lip;  
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs  
May be reliefs,  
Could he but take them right and in their ways.  
Happy is he whose heart  
Hath found the art  
To turn his double pains to double praise!

GEORGE HERBERT

## CENTENNIAL HYMN

1876

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand  
 The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
 We meet to-day, united, free,  
 And loyal to our land and Thee,  
 To thank Thee for the era done,  
 And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,  
 The fathers spake that word of Thine  
 Whose echo is the glad refrain  
 Of rended bolt and falling chain,  
 To grace our festal time, from all  
 The zones of earth our guests we call.

For art and labor met in truce,  
 For beauty made the bride of use,  
 We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave  
 The austere virtues strong to save,  
 The honor proof to place or gold,  
 The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,  
 In peace secure, in justice strong;  
 Around our gift of freedom draw  
 The safeguards of thy righteous law:  
 And, cast in some diviner mould,  
 Let the new cycle shame the old!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

## AMERICA

**N**OR force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye  
Who north or south, on east or western land,  
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,  
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God  
For God; O ye who in eternal youth  
Speak with a living and creative flood  
This universal English, and do stand  
Its breathing book, live worthy of that grand,  
Heroic utterance — parted, yet a whole,  
Far yet unsever'd, — children brave and free  
Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be  
Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,  
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,  
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's  
dream.

SIDNEY DOBELL

## THE GOLDEN MEAN

**L**ICINIUS, you will safer steer,  
 Not keeping always out to sea,  
 Nor hugging treacherous coasts for fear  
 Of gales too free.

Whoever loves the Golden Mean  
 Is safe from squalor's falling walls,  
 Is wise avoiding Envy keen  
 Who eyes proud halls.

The wind shakes oft the tallest pine;  
 High towers fall with heavier crash;  
 On lofty peaks the bolts divine  
 More surely dash.

'Mid trials hope, 'mid triumphs dread,  
 The lot reversed — a soul well taught;  
 Repulsive winters, cold and dead,  
 By Jove are brought

And banished; what is bad to-day,  
 To-morrow ends; Apollo's art  
 Stirs the still Muse, and not for aye  
 He wings his dart.

When times are hard, be bold and brave  
 In sight of men; be wise as well,  
 And shorten sail when winds you crave  
 Too favoring swell.

*Latin of* HORACE

*Translation of* WILLIAM ADDISON HOUGHTON



## FIDELITY

SONNET

METHOUGHT that in a solemn church I stood;  
Its marble acres, worn with knees and feet,  
Lay spread from door to door, from street to street.  
Midway the form hung high upon the rood  
Of Him who gave His life to be our good;  
Beyond priests flitted, bowed, and murmured meet  
Among the candles shining still and sweet.  
Men came and went, and worshipped as they could,  
And still their dust a woman with her broom,  
Bowed to her work, kept sweeping to the door.  
Then saw I, slow through all the pillared gloom,  
Across the church a silent figure come:  
"Daughter," it said, "thou sweapest well my floor!"  
It is the Lord, I cried, and saw no more.

GEORGE MACDONALD

FROM "THE ELIXIR"

A SERVANT with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine;  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine.

GEORGE HERBERT

## THE FLOWERS

WHEN Love arose in heart and deed  
To wake the world to greater joy,  
“What can she give me now?” said Greed,  
Who thought to win some costly toy.

He rose, he ran, he stoop'd, he clutch'd;  
And soon the Flowers, that Love let fall,  
In Greed's hot grasp were fray'd and smutch'd,  
And Greed said, “Flowers! Can this be all?”

He flung them down and went his way,  
He cared no jot for thyme or rose;  
But boys and girls came out to play,  
And some took these and some took those —

Red, blue, and white, and green and gold;  
And at their touch the dew return'd,  
And all the bloom a thousandfold —  
So red, so ripe, the roses burn'd!

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

## THE PLEASANT LAIR

**T**O one who has been long in city pent,  
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
And open face of heaven, — to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,  
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
And gentle tale of love and languishment?  
Returning home at evening, with an ear  
Catching the notes of Philomel, — an eye  
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:  
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS

## YOUTH'S WARNING

## I

**B**EWARE, exulting youth, beware,  
 When life's young pleasures woo,  
 That ere you yield you shrive your heart,  
 And keep your conscience true!  
 For sake of silver spent to-day,  
 Why pledge to-morrow's gold?  
 Or in hot blood implant Remorse,  
 To grow when blood is cold?  
*If wrong you do, if false you play,*  
*In summer among the flowers,*  
*You must atone, you shall repay,*  
*In winter among the showers.*

## II

To turn the balances of Heaven  
 Surpasses mortal power;  
 For every white there is a black,  
 For every sweet a sour.  
 For every up there is a down,  
 For every folly, shame;  
 And retribution follows guilt,  
 As burning follows flame.  
*If wrong you do, if false you play,*  
*In summer among the flowers,*  
*You must atone, you shall repay,*  
*In winter among the showers.*

CHARLES MACKAY

O YET WE TRUST THAT SOMEHOW  
GOOD

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

O YET we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last — far off — at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## PRAISE TO THE CREATOR

**F**AIREST of all the lights above,  
Thou Sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,  
And with unwearied swiftness move  
To form the circles of our years:  
Praise the Creator of the skies,  
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays;  
Or may the Sun forget to rise,  
If he forget his Maker's praise!

Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
Fair queen of silence, silver Moon,  
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light  
Are softer rivals of the noon, —  
Arise, and to that Sovereign Power,  
Waxing and waning, honours pay,  
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,  
And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling Stars, who gild the skies  
When darkness has its curtains drawn,  
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,  
When business, cares, and day are gone:  
Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
Dispersed through all the heavenly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford  
So rich a pavement for His feet.

ISAAC WATTS

## NATURE'S TRANQUILLITY

FROM "TINTERN ABBEY"

**T**HESE beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration: — feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
In which the burden of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened: — that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on, —  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## TRUST

I AM Thy grass, O Lord!  
I grow up sweet and tall,  
But for a day, beneath Thy sword  
To lie at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough  
In that brief day of mine?  
The wind, the bees, the wholesome stuff  
The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown, —  
Love will not let me be;  
Love holds me here; Love cuts me down;  
And it is well with me.

Lord, Love, keep it but so;  
Thy purpose is full plain:  
I die that after I may grow  
As tall, as sweet again.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE



## THE LOVE OF GOD

**T**HOU Grace Divine, encircling all,  
A soundless, shoreless sea!  
Wherein at last our souls must fall,  
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
The other leads us, safe and slow,  
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,  
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess thy sweet control,  
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,  
Our wayward steps to win;  
We know thee by a dearer name,  
O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free  
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O Love of God, to thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER

## THE FOREST GLADE

AS one dark morn I trod a forest glade,  
A sunbeam enter'd at the further end,  
And ran to meet me thro' the yielding shade —  
As one, who in the distance sees a friend,  
And, smiling, hurries to him; but mine eyes,  
Bewilder'd by the change from dark to bright,  
Receiv'd the greeting with a quick surprise  
At first, and then with tears of pure delight;  
For sad my thoughts had been,—the tempest's  
    wrath  
Had gloom'd the night, and made the morrow gray;  
That heavenly guidance humble sorrow hath,  
Had turn'd my feet into that forest-way,  
Just when His morning light came down the path,  
Among the lonely woods at early day.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

## GULF-WEED

**A** WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,  
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,  
Soaring high and sinking low,  
Lashed along without will of mine;  
Sport of the spume of the surging sea;  
Flung on the foam, afar and anear,  
Mark my manifold mystery, —  
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,  
Rootless and rover though I be;  
My spangled leaves, when nicely spread,  
Arboresce as a trunkless tree;  
Corals curious coat me o'er,  
White and hard in apt array;  
Mid the wild waves' rude uproar  
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,  
Something whispers soft to me,  
Restless and roaming forevermore,  
Like this weary weed of the sea;  
Bear they yet on each beating breast  
The eternal type of the wondrous whole,  
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,  
Grace informing with silent soul.

CORNELIUS GEORGE FENNER

## IN A LECTURE-ROOM

**A**WAY, haunt thou not me,  
Thou vain Philosophy!  
Little hast thou bestead,  
Save to perplex the head,  
And leave the spirit dead.  
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,  
While from the secret treasure-depths below,  
Fed by the skyey shower,  
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,  
Wisdom at once, and Power,  
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly?  
Why labor at the dull mechanic oar,  
When the fresh breeze is blowing,  
And the strong current flowing,  
Right onward to the Eternal Shore?

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## LIFE

**L**IFE! I know not what thou art,  
 But know that thou and I must part;  
 And when, or how, or where we met,  
 I own to me's a secret yet.  
 But this I know, when thou art fled,  
 Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,  
 No clod so valueless shall be  
 As all that then remains of me.  
 O whither, whither dost thou fly?  
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course?  
     And in this strange divorce,  
 Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?

Life! we have been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
     'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
     Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; —  
     Then steal away, give little warning,  
     Choose thine own time;  
 Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime  
     Bid me Good-morning!

ANNA LÆTITIA BARBAULD

## LOW SPIRITS

**F**EVER and fret and aimless stir,  
 And disappointed strife,  
 All chafing, unsuccessful things  
 Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,  
 And sameness doubles cares,  
 While one unbroken chain of work  
 The flagging temper wears.

. . . . .

Voices are round me, smiles are near,  
 Kind welcomes to be had,  
 And yet my spirit is alone,  
 Fretful, outworn, and sad.

Sweet thought of God, now do thy work,  
 As thou hast done before;  
 Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,  
 And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,  
 Without or praise or prayer,  
 Gives light to know, and life to do,  
 And marvellous strength to bear.

I bless Thee, Lord, for this kind check  
 To spirits over free,  
 And for all things that make me feel  
 More helpless need of Thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

## REST

**T**O spend the long warm days  
Silent beside the silent-stealing streams,  
To see, not gaze, —  
To hear, not listen, thoughts exchanged for dreams:

See clouds that slowly pass  
Trailing their shadows o'er the far faint down,  
And ripening grass,  
While yet the meadows wear their starry crown:

To hear the breezes sigh  
Cool in the silver leaves like falling rain,  
Pause and go by,  
Tired wanderers o'er the solitary plain:

See far from all afright  
Shy river creatures play hour after hour,  
And night by night  
Low in the West the white moon's folding flower.

Thus lost to human things,  
To blend at last with Nature, and to hear  
What song she sings  
Low to herself when there is no one near.

MARGARET L. WOODS

## A POET'S EPITAPH

ROBERT BURNS: DIED JULY 21, 1796

**S**TOP, mortal! Here thy brother lies —  
 The poet of the poor.  
 His books were rivers, woods, and skies,  
 The meadow and the moor;  
 His teachers were the torn heart's wail,  
 The tyrant, and the slave,  
 The street, the factory, the jail,  
 The palace — and the grave!  
 Sin met thy brother everywhere!  
 And is thy brother blam'd?  
 From passion, danger, doubt, and care  
 He no exemption claim'd.  
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,  
 He feared to scorn or hate;  
 But, honoring in a peasant's form  
 The equal of the great,  
 He bless'd the steward, whose wealth makes  
 The poor man's little, more;  
 Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes  
 From plunder'd labor's store.  
 A hand to do, a head to plan,  
 A heart to feel and dare —  
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man  
 Who drew them as they are.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT



## A BARD'S EPITAPH

IS there a whim-inspirèd fool,  
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,  
 Owre blate to seek, owre prood to snool,  
     Let him draw near;  
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,  
     And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,  
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among  
 That weekly this area throng,  
     O, pass not by!  
 But, with a frater-feeling strong,  
     Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment clear,  
 Can others teach the course to steer,  
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career  
     Wild as the wave;  
 Here pause — and, thro' the starting tear,  
     Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below  
 Was quick to learn, and wise to know,  
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,  
     And softer flame;  
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,  
     And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend — whether thy soul  
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,  
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,  
     In low pursuit;  
 Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*  
     Is wisdom's root. ROBERT BURNS

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN  
DRAP O' DEW

**C**ONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence  
is kind,  
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tran-  
quil mind,  
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, ha'e  
faith and ye'll win through,  
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and  
cloudless sky  
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to nature parched and  
dry,  
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure  
spring anew,  
And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel  
owre proud and hie,  
And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poor-  
tith's e'e,  
Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na  
whence or hoo,  
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

JAMES BALLANTINE

## LIFE'S SWEETNESS

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going,  
Crumbling away beneath our very feet:  
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing  
In current unperceived, because so fleet:  
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,  
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;  
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing;  
And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet;  
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us  
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;  
And sweet our life's decline, for it hath left us  
A nearer Good to cure an older Ill:  
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize  
    them  
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or  
    denies them!

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE

## BEATI ILLI

**B**LEST is the man whose heart and hands are  
pure!

He hath no sickness that he shall not cure,  
No sorrow that he may not well endure:  
His feet are steadfast and his hope is sure.

Oh, blest is he who ne'er hath sold his soul,  
Whose will is perfect, and whose word is whole,  
Who hath not paid to common sense the toll  
Of self-disgrace, nor owned the world's control!

Through clouds and shadows of the darkest night  
He will not lose a glimmering of the light,  
Nor, though the sun of day be shrouded quite,  
Swerve from the narrow path to left or right.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

## A PRAYER

**O** GOD, our Father, if we had but truth!  
Lost truth — which thou perchance  
Didst let man lose, lest all his wayward youth  
He waste in song and dance;  
That he might gain, in searching, mightier powers  
For manlier use in those foreshadowed hours.

If, blindly groping, he shall oft mistake,  
And follow twinkling notes  
Thinking them stars, and the one voice forsake  
Of Wisdom for the notes  
Which mocking Beauty utters here and there,  
Thou surely wilt forgive him, and forbear!

Oh love us, for we love thee, Maker — God!  
And would creep near thy hand,  
And call thee "Father, Father," from the sod  
Where by our graves we stand,  
And pray to touch, fearless of scorn or blame,  
Thy garment's hem, which Truth and Good we  
name.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

## IF WE HAD BUT A DAY

**W**E should fill the hours with the sweetest things,  
If we had but a day;  
We should drink alone at the purest springs  
In our upward way;  
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour  
If the hours were few;  
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power  
To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills  
By the clearest light;  
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,  
If they lay in sight;  
We should trample the pride and the discontent  
Beneath our feet;  
We should take whatever a good God sent  
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,  
If the day were but one;  
If what we remember and what we forget  
Went out with the sun;  
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,  
To work or to pray,  
And to be what the Father would have us be,  
If we had but a day.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON

## BODY AND SOUL

**P**OOR Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SHAKESPEARE

## PIETY

FROM "EGERIA"

O PIETY! O heavenly Piety!  
 She is not rigid as fanatics deem,  
 But warm as Love, and beautiful as Hope.

Prop of the weak, the crown of humbleness,  
 The clue of doubt, the eyesight of the blind,  
 The heavenly robe and garniture of clay.

Sweet Piety! divinest Piety!  
 She has a soul capacious as the spheres,  
 A heart as large as all humanity.

Who to his dwelling takes that visitant,  
 Has a perpetual solace in all pain,  
 A friend and comforter in every grief.

The noblest domes, the haughtiest palaces,  
 That know not her, have ever open gates  
 Where Misery may enter at her will.

But from the threshold of the poorest hut,  
 Where she sits smiling, Sorrow passes by,  
 And owns the spell that robs her of her sting.

CHARLES MACKAY



## THE CHILDHOOD FAITH

FROM "ASTRÆA: THE BALANCE OF ILLUSIONS"

WHAT is thy creed?" a hundred lips inquire;  
"Thou seekest God beneath what Christian spire?"  
Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies  
Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice;  
When man's first incense rose above the plain,  
Of earth's two altars one was built by Cain!  
Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed we take;  
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;  
The simple lessons which the nursery taught  
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,  
And the full blossom owes its fairest hue  
To those sweet tear-drops of affection's dew.

Too oft the light that led our earlier hours  
Fades with the perfume of our cradle flowers;  
The clear, cold question chills to frozen doubt;  
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without;  
Oh, then, if reason waver at thy side,  
Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;  
Go to thy birth-place, and, if faith was there,  
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

## GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES

FROM "A FOREST HYMN"

**T**HE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned  
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication. For his simple heart  
Might not resist the sacred influence  
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,  
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven  
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound  
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once  
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed  
His spirit with the thought of boundless power  
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why  
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect  
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore  
Only among the crowd, and under roofs  
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,  
Here in the shadow of this aged wood,  
Offer one hymn — thrice happy if it find  
Acceptance in His ear.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

## A NAME IN THE SAND

ALONE I walked the ocean strand.  
A pearly shell was in my hand;  
I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
    My name — the year — the day.  
As onward from the spot I passed,  
One lingering look behind I cast;  
A wave came rolling high and fast,  
    And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
With every mark on earth from me:  
A wave of dark oblivion's sea  
    Will sweep across the place  
Where I have trod the sandy shore  
Of time, and been, to be no more,  
Of me — my day — the name I bore,  
    To leave nor track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands  
And holds the waters in his hands,  
I know a lasting record stands  
    Inscribed against my name,  
Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
And from these fleeting moments caught  
    For glory or for shame.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

## NATURE'S TEACHING

FROM "RHÆCUS"

**G**OD sends his teachers unto every age,  
 To every clime, and every race of men,  
 With revelations fitted to their growth  
 And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth  
 Into the selfish rule of one sole race:  
 Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed  
 The life of man, and given it to grasp  
 The master-key of knowledge, reverence,  
 Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right;  
 Else never had the eager soul, which loathes  
 The slothful down of pampered ignorance,  
 Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart  
 Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,  
 To justify the reign of its belief  
 And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,  
 Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,  
 Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,  
 Points surely to the hidden springs of truth.  
 . . . In whatsoe'er the heart  
 Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,  
 To make its inspirations suit its creed,  
 And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring  
 Its needful food of truth, there ever is  
 A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,  
 Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light  
 And earnest parables of inward lore.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

## THE OVER-SOUL

FROM "THE PROBLEM"

**N**OT from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle;  
Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old;  
The litanies of nations came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below, —  
The canticles of love and woe;  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew; —  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

. . . . .  
The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
The word by seers or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

## I PRAISED THE EARTH

**I** PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
“Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
“Our days of light are numberèd.”

O God! O Good beyond compare!  
If thus thy meaner works are fair  
If thus thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where Thy Redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

REGINALD HEBER

THE INNER CALM

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,  
While these hot breezes blow;  
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm  
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,  
Soft resting on thy breast;  
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm  
And bid my spirit rest.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet,  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in my hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm mid the threatening, taunting throng,  
Who hate thy holy name;

Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
The eternal calm to gain.

HORATIUS BONAR

## PLUCK

FROM "URANIA: A RHYMED LESSON"

**B**E firm! one constant element in luck  
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck;  
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's thrill,  
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise still.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields!

Yet in opinions look not always back;  
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;  
Leave what you've done for what you have to do;  
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES



COURAGE

FROM "ALBUM LEAVES"

**D**ARKNESS before, all joy behind!  
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:  
He soonest reads the lesson right  
Who reads with back against the light!

GEORGE HOUGHTON

## THE SEA SHELL

FROM "THE EXCURSION"

**I** HAVE seen

A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
• Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;  
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon  
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard  
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
Mysterious union with its native sea.  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## GREAT OCEAN!

FROM "THE COURSE OF TIME"

**G**REAT Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,  
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,  
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass  
In nature's anthem, and made music such  
As pleased the ear of God! original,  
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity!  
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill;  
From age to age enduring, and unchanged,  
Majestical, inimitable, vast;  
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each  
Succeeding race, and little pompous work  
Of man; unfallen, religious, holy sea!  
Thou bowedest thy glorious head to none, fearedst  
    none,  
Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God  
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive  
Thy great obeisance.

ROBERT POLLOK

## CHRIST LONGED FOR

**O** GOD, impart Thy blessing to my cries,  
Tho' I trust deeply, yet I daily err;  
The waters of my heart are oft astir:—  
An Angel's there! and yet I cannot rise!

I wish that Christ were here among us still,  
Proffering His bosom to His servant's brow;  
But oh! that holy voice comes o'er us now  
Like twilight echoes from a distant hill:

We long for His pure looks and words sublime;  
His lowly-lofty innocence and grace;  
The talk sweet-toned, and blessing all the time;  
The mountain sermon and the ruthful gaze;  
The cheerly credence gathered from His face;  
His voice in village-groups at eve or prime!

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

## FREE SPIRIT

FROM "THE SOUL"

SIN clouds the mind's clear vision;  
Around the self-starved soul has spread a dearth.  
The earth is full of life; the living Hand  
Touched it with life; and all its forms expand  
With principles of being made to suit  
Man's varied powers and raise him from the brute.  
And shall the earth of higher ends be full, —  
Earth which thou tread'st, — and thy poor mind be  
dull?

Thou talk of life, with half thy soul asleep?  
Thou "living dead man," let thy spirit leap  
Forth to the day, and let the fresh air blow  
Through thy soul's shut-up mansion. Wouldst  
thou know

Something of what is life, shake off this death;  
Have thy soul feel the universal breath  
With which all nature's quick, and learn to be  
Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see;  
Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance;  
Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse;  
Love, joy, even sorrow, — yield thyself to all!  
They make thy freedom, groveller, not thy thrall.  
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind  
To dust and sense, and set at large the mind!  
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,  
And be like man at first, a *living soul*.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

## BLISSFUL YOUTH

FROM "ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE"

**Y**E distant spires, ye antique towers,  
 That crowned the watery glade,  
 Where grateful Science still adores  
 Her Henry's holy shade;  
 And ye that from the stately brow  
 Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
 Wanders the hoary Thames along  
 His silvery winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
 Ah, fields beloved in vain! —  
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
 A stranger yet to pain!

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
 Condemned alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 The unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise.  
 No more: — where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise!

THOMAS GRAY

## A SUMMER EVENING

**H**OW fine has the day been! how bright was  
the sun!

How lovely and joyful the course that he run,  
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,  
And there followed some droppings of rain!  
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,  
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best:  
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,  
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,  
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,  
And travels his heavenly way:  
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,  
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,  
Of rising in brighter array.

ISAAC WATTS

## A WISH

**T**HIS only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone.  
The unknown are better, than ill known;  
Rumour can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more  
Than palace, and should fitting be,  
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er  
With nature's hand, not art's; and pleasures yield,  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy state,  
I would not fear nor wish my fate,  
But boldly say each night,

To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or, in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

ABRAHAM COWLEY



## CONTENTMENT

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;  
I joy not much in earthly joys;  
I seek not state, I reck not style;  
I am not fond of fancy's toys:  
I rest so pleased with what I have,  
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;  
I tremble not at news of war;  
I swound not at the news of wrack;  
I shrink not at a blazing star;  
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,  
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;  
I see some Tantals starved in store;  
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;  
I see even Midas gape for more;  
I neither want nor yet abound, —  
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;  
I fawn not on the great (in show);  
I prize, I praise a mean estate, —  
Neither too lofty nor too low:  
This, this is all my choice, my cheer, —  
A mind content, a conscience clear.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER

## RETIREMENT

**O** LET me be alone awhile!  
No human form is nigh;  
And I may sing and muse awhile  
No mortal ear is by.

Away! ye dreams of earthly bliss,  
Ye earthly cares begone!  
Depart! ye restless wandering thoughts,  
And let me be alone!

One hour, my spirit, stretch thy wings  
And quit this joyless sod;  
Bask in the sunshine of the sky,  
And be alone with God!

EMILY BRONTË

## GOD EVERYWHERE IN NATURE

**H**OW desolate were nature, and how void  
Of every charm, how like a naked waste  
Of Africa, were not a present God  
Beheld employing, in its various scenes,  
His active might to animate and adorn!  
What life and beauty, when, in all that breathe  
Or moves, or grows, his hand is viewed at work  
When it is viewed unfolding every bud,  
Each blossom tingeing, shaping every leaf,  
Wafting each cloud that passes o'er the sky,  
Rolling each billow, moving every wing  
That fans the air, and every warbling throat  
Heard in the tuneful woodlands! In the least  
As well as in the greatest of his works  
Is ever manifest his presence kind;  
As well in swarms of glittering insects, seen  
Quick to and fro within a foot of air,  
Dancing a merry hour, then seen no more,  
As in the systems of resplendent worlds,  
Through time revolving in unbounded space.  
His eye, while comprehending in one view  
The whole creation, fixes full on me;  
As on me shines the sun with his full blaze,  
While o'er the hemisphere he spreads the same,  
His hand, while holding oceans in its palm,  
And compassing the skies, surrounds my life,  
Guards the poor rushlight from the blast of death.

CARLOS WILCOX

## NATURE'S HYMNS

FROM "THE TENT ON THE BEACH"

**T**HE harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,  
By all things near and far;  
The ocean looketh up to heaven,  
And mirrors every star.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine;  
From folded leaf and dewy cup  
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills  
Rise white as wings of prayer;  
The altar curtains of the hills  
Are sunset's purple air.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,  
Its transept earth and air,  
The music of its starry march  
The chorus of a prayer.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

## PICTURES

FROM "DE MONTFORT"

**D**OTH the bright sun from the high arch of  
heaven,

In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,  
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,  
And softly varied shades, look glorious?

Do the green woods dance to the wind? The lakes  
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?

Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells  
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke  
On the soft morning air?

Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound  
In antic happiness? and mazy birds

Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?

Ay, all this is — men do behold all this —

The poorest man.

JOANNA BAILLIE

## AS PANTS THE HART

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,  
 When heated in the chase,  
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,  
 My thirsty soul doth pine:  
 O when shall I behold Thy Face,  
 Thou Majesty Divine?

. . . . .

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
 Trust God, who will employ  
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
 The praise of Him Who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God Whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

NAHUM TATE *and* NICHOLAS BRADY

## HYMN OF PRAISE

**H**ARK, my soul, how every thing  
Strives to serve our bounteous King;  
Each a double tribute pays;  
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's sweet and chieftest quire  
Him with cheerful notes admire;  
Chanting every day their lauds,  
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have too their melody;  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring  
Hither their still music bring;  
If Heaven bless them, thankful they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford  
This short office to our Lord;  
We, — on whom His bounty flows,  
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,  
Wake, and gladly sing thy part:  
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,  
How to use thy noble powers.

. . . . .

JOHN AUSTIN

## THE WATER-LILY

O STAR on the breast of the river!  
O marvel of bloom and grace!  
Did you fall right down from heaven,  
Out of the sweetest place?  
You are white as the thoughts of an angel,  
Your heart is steeped in the sun:  
Did you grow in the Golden City,  
My pure and radiant one?"

"Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;  
None gave me my saintly white:  
It slowly grew from the darkness,  
Down in the dreary night.  
From the ooze of the silent river  
I won my glory and grace.  
White souls fall not, O my poet,  
They rise — to the sweetest place."

MARY FRANCES BUTTS



## THE CHILD

SEE yon blithe child that dances in our sight!  
Can gloomy shadows fall from one so bright?  
Fond mother, whence these fears?  
While buoyantly he rushes o'er the lawn,  
Dream not of clouds to stain his manhood's dawn,  
Nor dim that sight with tears.

No cloud he spies in brightly glowing hours,  
But feels as if the newly vested bowers  
For him could never fade:  
Too well we know that vernal pleasures fleet,  
But having him, so gladsome, fair, and sweet,  
Our loss is overpaid.

Amid the balmiest flowers that earth can give  
Some bitter drops distil, and all that live  
A mingled portion share;  
But, while he learns these truths which we lament,  
Such fortitude as ours will sure be sent,  
Such solace to his care.

SARA COLERIDGE

## THE SEA

**B**EAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious;  
Mild, majestic, foaming, free, —  
Over time itself victorious,  
Image of eternity!

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,  
See thy surface ebb and flow,  
Yet attempt not to explore thee  
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee  
With the rainbow's glowing grace,  
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,  
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth, — her valleys and her mountains,  
Mortal man's behests obey;  
The unfathomable fountains  
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous Ocean!  
But, if overwhelmed by thee,  
Can we think, without emotion,  
What must thy Creator be?

BERNARD BARTON

## EVENING AND MORNING STAR

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun,  
And ready, thou, to die with him,  
Thou watchest all things ever dim  
And dimmer, and a glory done;

The team is loosened from the wain,  
The boat is drawn upon the shore;  
Thou listenest to the closing door,  
And life is darkened in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,  
By thee the world's great work is heard  
Beginning, and the wakeful bird;  
Behind thee comes the greater light:

The market-boat is on the stream,  
And voices hail it from the brink;  
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,  
And seest the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name  
For what is one, the first, the last,  
Thou, like my present and my past,  
Thy place is changed, thou art the same.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

**O** DAY of life, of light, of love!  
 The only day dealt from above!  
 A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,  
 'Twill show us each forgotten grave,  
 And make the dead, like flowers, arise  
 Youthful and fair to see new skies.  
 All other days, compared to thee,  
 Are but Light's weak minority;  
 They are but veils and cypress drawn  
 Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.  
 O come! arise! shine! do not stay,  
     Dearly loved Day!  
 The fields are long since white, and I  
 With earnest groans for freedom cry;  
 My fellow-creatures too say, Come!  
 And stones, though speechless, are not dumb.  
 When shall we hear that glorious voice  
     Of life and joys?  
 That voice which to each secret bed  
     Of my Lord's dead  
 Shall bring true day, and make dust see  
 The way to immortality?  
 When shall those first white pilgrims rise,  
 Whose holy, happy histories  
 — Because they sleep so long — some men  
 Count but the blots of a vain pen?  
     Dear Lord! make haste!

HENRY VAUGHAN

## ONWARD

FROM "FESTUS"

OH! it is great to feel that nought of earth,  
Hope, love, nor dread, nor care for what's to come,  
Can check the royal lavishment of life;  
But, like a streamer strown upon the wind,  
We fling our souls to fate and to the future.  
For to die young is youth's divinest gift;  
To pass from one world fresh into another,  
Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,  
And feel the immortal impulse from within  
Which makes the coming life cry alway, On!  
And follow it while strong, is heaven's last mercy.  
There is a fire-fly in the south, but shines  
When on the wing. So is 't with mind. When once  
We rest, we darken. On! saith God to the soul,  
As unto the earth for ever. On it goes,  
A rejoicing native of the infinite,  
As is a bird, of air; an orb, of heaven.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

## "THANATOPSIS"

WHEN one can die with the proud consciousness  
That he will 'bide forever with the world,  
And that when monarchs and their broods are hurled  
Contemptuous down Oblivion's abyss,  
He will span time like heaven's bow: God! this  
Must set his blood to boiling, and with bliss  
Fill his king-heart up to the very brim!  
Yet do I know of a sublimer joy  
Possessing which I would not envy him —  
O faith! the alchemist that turns th' alloy  
Of death to golden calm. 'Tis when the soul,  
Uncaged, goes singing lark-like thro' the spheres  
Confidingly to God, devoid of fears,  
Having on earth paid Paradise its toll!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

## WHAT WAS GOOD SHALL LIVE

FROM "ABT VOGLER"

**T**HERE shall never be one lost good! What  
was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying  
sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so  
much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a  
perfect round.

All we have will'd or hop'd or dream'd of good, shall  
exist;

Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor  
good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for  
the melodist,

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that prov'd too high, the heroic for earth  
too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in  
the sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;

Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it  
by and by.

ROBERT BROWNING

## RETIREMENT

**F**RESH fields and woods! the Earth's fair face!  
 God's footstool! and man's dwelling-place!  
 I ask not why the first believer  
 Did love to be a country liver?  
 Who to secure pious content  
 Did pitch by groves and wells his tent;  
 Where he might view his boundless sky,  
 And all those glorious lights on high:  
 With flying meteors, mists, and showers:  
 Subjected hills, trees, meads, and flowers:  
 And every minute bless the King  
 And wise Creator of each thing.

I ask not why he did remove  
 To happy Mamre's holy grove,  
 Leaving the cities of the plain  
 To Lot and his successless train?  
 All various lusts in cities still  
 Are found; they are the thrones of ill;  
 The dismal sinks, where blood is spill'd,  
 Cages with much uncleanness fill'd:  
 But rural shades are the sweet sense  
 Of piety and innocence;  
 They are the meek's calm region, where  
 Angels descend, and rule the sphere;  
 Where Heaven lies leiguer,<sup>1</sup> and the Dove  
 Duly as dew comes from above.  
 If Eden be on Earth at all,  
 'Tis that which we the country call.

<sup>1</sup>At rest.



MY GARDEN

**A** GARDEN is a lovesome thing, God wot!  
Rose plot,  
Fringed pool,  
Fern'd grot —  
The veriest school  
Of peace; and yet the fool  
Contentends that God is not —  
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?  
Nay, but I have a sign;  
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

## THE FATHER'S VOICE

**A**LL are not taken! there are left behind  
Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring,  
And make the daylight still a happy thing,  
And tender voices to make soft the wind.  
But if it were not so — if I could find  
No love in all the world for comforting,  
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,  
Where “dust to dust” the love from life disjoined —  
And if before these sepulchres unmoving  
I stood alone, (as some forsaken lamb  
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)  
Crying “Where are ye, O my loved and loving?”  
I know a voice would sound, “Daughter, I AM.  
Can I suffice for Heaven, and not for earth?”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

## THE CALM DIVINE

FROM "HYMN OF A HERMIT"

O UNSEEN Spirit! now a calm divine  
Comes forth from Thee, rejoicing earth and air!  
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,  
And Thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky  
Stands clear and strong with darkened rocks and  
dells,

And cloudless brightness opens wide on high  
A home aerial, where Thy presence dwells.

Prepare, O Truth Supreme! through shame and pain,  
A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm;  
Let not reflection's pangs be roused in vain,  
But heal the wounded breast with searching balm.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,  
In full accord to all Thy world of joy,  
May I be nerved to labors high and pure,  
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.

In one, who walked on earth a man of woe,  
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires;  
From him to me let inward quiet flow,  
And give the might my failing will requires.

So this great All around, so he, and Thou,  
The central source and awful bound of things,  
May fill my heart with rest as deep as now  
To land, and sea, and air, Thy presence brings.

JOHN STERLING

## THE BROOK'S REPLY

FROM "THE BROOK"

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,  
I make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among the fern,  
To bicker down a valley.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers;  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses;  
I linger by my shingly bars;  
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## LIGHT ON THE CLOUD

**T**HERE'S never an always cloudless sky,  
There's never a vale so fair,  
But over it sometimes shadows lie  
In a chill and songless air.

But never a cloud o'erhung the day,  
And flung its shadows down,  
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray  
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark on only the downward side;  
Though rage the tempest loud,  
And scatter its terrors far and wide,  
There's light upon the cloud.

And often, when it traileth low,  
Shutting the landscape out,  
And only the chilly east-winds blow  
From the foggy seas of doubt,

There'll come a time, near the setting sun,  
When the joys of life seem few,  
A rift will break in the evening dim,  
And the golden light stream through.

And the soul a glorious bridge will make  
Out of the golden bars,  
And all its priceless treasures take  
Where shine the eternal stars.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE

## THE EVER TRUE

**N**OT seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;  
Not seldom Evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove  
To the confiding Bark, untrue;  
And if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treacherous too.

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;  
Thy smile is sure, Thy plighted word  
No change can falsify!

I bent before Thy gracious throne,  
And ask'd for peace on suppliant knee;  
And peace was given, — nor peace alone,  
But Faith sublimed to ecstasy!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LOVE'S SURE HOLD

'T WIXT gleams of joy and clouds of doubt  
Our feelings come and go;  
Our best estate is toss'd about  
In ceaseless ebb and flow.

No mood of feeling, form of thought,  
Is constant for a day;  
But Thou, O Lord! Thou changest not;  
The same Thou art always.

I grasp Thy strength, make it mine own,  
My heart with peace is blest;  
I lose my hold, and then come down  
Darkness and cold unrest.

Let me no more my comfort draw  
From my frail hold of Thee, —  
In this alone rejoice with awe;  
Thy mighty grasp of me.

Thy purpose of eternal good  
Let me but surely know;  
On this I'll lean, let changing mood  
And feeling come or go;

Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul;  
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast;  
Since Thou within Thy sure control  
Of Love dost hold me fast.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP

## THE HAPPY LIFE

**H**OW happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise,  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend, —

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON



## SWEET CONTENT

FROM "PATIENT GRISEL" .

**A**RT thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?  
O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?  
O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd  
To add to golden numbers golden numbers?  
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;  
Honest labour bears a lovely face;  
Then hey nonny nonny — hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?  
O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own  
tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,  
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!  
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;  
Honest labour bears a lovely face;  
Then hey nonny nonny — hey nonny nonny!

THOMAS DEKKER

## MOTHER-SONG

FROM "PRINCE LUCIFER"

**W**HITE little hands!  
Pink little feet!  
Dimpled all over,  
Sweet, sweet, sweet!  
What dost thou wail for?  
The unknown? the unseen?  
The ills that are coming,  
The joys that have been?

Cling to me closer,  
Closer and closer,  
Till the pain that is purer  
Hath banish'd the grosser.  
Drain, drain at the stream, love,  
Thy hunger is freeing,  
That was born in a dream, love,  
Along with thy being!

Little fingers that feel  
For their home on my breast,  
Little lips that appeal  
For their nurture, their rest!  
Why, why dost thou weep, dear?  
Nay, stifle thy cries,  
Till the dew of thy sleep, dear,  
Lies soft on thine eyes.

ALFRED AUSTIN

THE BABIE

**N**AE shoon to hide her tiny taes,  
Nae stockin' on her feet;  
Her supple ankles white as snaw,  
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,  
Her double, dimplit chin,  
Her puckered lips an' baummy mou',  
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,  
Twa gentle, liquid things;  
Her face is like an angel's face,  
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luvie,  
A giftie God gied us:  
We maun na luvie the gift owre weel,  
'Twad be nae blessing thus.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,  
An' see Him in the given;  
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,  
Our babie straight frae Heaven.

JEREMIAH EAMES RANKIN

## THINGS CELESTIAL

**T**O music bent is my retired mind,  
And fain would I some song of pleasure sing;  
But in vain joys no comfort now I find;  
From heavenly thoughts all true delight doth spring:  
Thy power, O God, Thy mercies to record,  
Will sweeten every note and every word.

All earthly pomp or beauty to express  
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write;  
Celestial things, though men conceive them less,  
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:  
Such beams they yield as know no means to die;  
Such heat they cast as lifts the spirit high.

THOMAS CAMPION

## GOD'S GRACE

**T**O keep the lamp alive,  
With oil we fill the bowl;  
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,  
And grace that feeds the soul.

The Lord's unsparing hand  
Supplies the living stream;  
It is not at our own command,  
But still derived from Him.

Beware of Peter's word,  
Nor confidently say,  
"I never will deny Thee, Lord," —  
But, — "Grant I never may."

Man's wisdom is to seek  
His strength in God alone;  
And e'en an Angel would be weak  
Who trusted in his own.

WILLIAM COWPER

## HALLOWED GROUND

**W**HAT'S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod  
 Its Maker meant not should be trod  
 By man, the image of his God,  
     Erect and free,  
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod  
     To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,  
 The lips repose our love has kissed; —  
 But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
     Yon churchyard's bowers?  
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
     A part of ours.

. . . . .  
 But strew his ashes to the wind  
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind, —  
 And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
     Lifts thine on high? —  
 To live in hearts we leave behind  
     Is not to die.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth  
 To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —  
 Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth  
     Earth's compass round;  
 And your high-priesthood shall make earth  
     *All ballowed ground.*

THOMAS CAMPBELL

THE FALLEN TOWER

FROM "ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF  
WELLINGTON"

**M**OURN, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.  
No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.  
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:  
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!  
Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

*Died Sept. 14, 1862*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## THE CURTAIN OF THE DARK

FROM "HINTS"

**T**HE curtain of the dark  
Is pierced by many a rent:  
Out of the star-wells, spark on spark  
Trickles through night's torn tent.

Grief is a tattered tent  
Where through God's light doth shine.  
Who glances up, at every rent  
Shall catch a ray divine.

LUCY LARCOM



PRAYER

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd, or unexpress'd;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways;  
While Angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, Behold, he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watch-word at the gates of death;  
He enters Heaven with prayer.

O Thou, by Whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way!  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:  
Lord! teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY

## NATURE

FROM "GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN"

**G**IVE me the splendid silent sun, with all his  
beams full-dazzling;  
Give me juicy autumnal fruit, ripe and red from the  
orchard;  
Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows;  
Give me an arbor, give me the trellis'd grape;  
Give me fresh corn and wheat — give me serene-  
moving animals, teaching content;  
Give me nights perfectly quiet, as on high plateaus  
west of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the  
stars;  
Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful  
flowers where I can walk undisturbed;  
Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman of  
whom I should never tire;  
Give me a perfect child — give me, away, aside  
from the noise of the world, a rural domestic  
life;  
Give me to warble spontaneous songs reliev'd,  
recluse by myself, for my own ears only;  
Give me solitude — give me Nature — give me  
again, O Nature, your primal sanities!

WALT WHITMAN

## THE CITY

FROM "GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN"

**K**EEP your splendid silent sun;  
Keep your woods, O Nature, and the quiet places  
by the woods;  
Keep your fields of clover and timothy, and your  
cornfields and orchards;  
Keep the blossoming buckwheat fields, where the  
Ninth-month bees hum;  
Give me faces and streets! give me these phantoms  
incessant and endless along the trottoirs!  
Give me interminable eyes! give me women! give  
me comrades and lovers by the thousand!  
Let me see new ones every day! let me hold new  
ones by the hand every day!  
Give me such shows! give me the streets of Man-  
hattan!  
Give me Broadway, with the soldiers marching —  
give me the sound of the trumpets and drums!  
(The soldiers in companies or regiments — some,  
starting away, flush'd and reckless;  
Some, their time up, returning, with thinn'd ranks  
— young, yet very old, worn, marching, notic-  
ing nothing;)  
— Give me the shores and the wharves heavy-  
fringed with the black ships!  
O such for me! O an intense life! O full to repletion,  
and varied!

WALT WHITMAN

## SONG

FROM "JAMES LEE"

OH, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,  
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones  
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet  
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;  
Listening the while, where on the heap of stones  
The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;  
Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.  
If you loved only what were worth your love,  
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:  
Make the low nature better by your throes!  
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

ROBERT BROWNING

## IN A SEPTEMBER NIGHT

**T**HERE the moon leans out and blesses  
All the dreamy hills below:  
Here the willows wash their tresses  
Where the water-lilies blow  
In the stream that glideth slow.

High in heaven, in serried ranges,  
Cloud-wreaths float through pallid light,  
Like a flock of swans that changes  
In the middle Autumn night  
North for South in ordered flight.

What know ye, who hover yonder,  
More than I, of that veiled good  
Whither all things tend, I wonder,  
That ye follow the wind's mood  
In such patient quietude?

F. WYVILLE HOME

## AT SEA

WORN voyagers, who watch for land  
Across the endless wastes of sea,  
Who gaze before and on each hand,  
Why look ye not to what ye flee?

The stars by which the sailors steer  
Not always rise before the prow;  
Though forward nought but clouds appear,  
Behind, they may be breaking now.

What though we may not turn again  
To shores of childhood that we leave,  
Are those old signs we followed vain?  
Can guides so oft found true deceive?

Oh, sail we to the south or north,  
Oh, sail we to the east or west,  
The port from which we first put forth  
Is our heart's home, is our life's best.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF  
THE DEEP

**R**OCKED in the cradle of the deep  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.  
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,  
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie  
And gaze upon the trackless sky,  
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,  
The boundless waters as they roll, —  
I feel thy wondrous power to save  
From perils of the stormy wave:  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.  
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee  
The germ of immortality!  
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA HART WILLARD

## THROUGH LIFE

WE slight the gifts that every season bears,  
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp,  
In our great eagerness to reach and clasp  
The promised treasure of the coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed away,  
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,  
Refuse the lesser good we yet might win,  
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,  
And leave them one by one and never stay,  
Not knowing how much pleasantness there was  
In each, until the closing of the door  
Has sounded through the house and died away,  
And in our hearts we sigh, "Forevermore!"

*The Humbler Poets*



## HUMAN GREATNESS

FROM "AN ESSAY ON MAN"

**H**ONOR and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.  
Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,  
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.  
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"  
I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.  
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,  
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.  
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,  
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,  
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed  
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

ALEXANDER POPE

## VAN ELSEN

**G**OD spake three times and saved Van Elsen's  
soul;  
He spake by sickness first and made him whole;  
Van Elsen heard him not,  
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world outpoured  
Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord;  
Van Elsen's heart grew fat  
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great world  
smiled,  
And in the sunshine slew his little child;  
Van Elsen like a tree  
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,  
"As thy heart bleedeth, so my heart hath bled,  
As I have need of thee,  
Thou needest me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,  
And, kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,  
Praised Him with fervent breath  
Who conquered death.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE

**O** THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe, —

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way  
The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!  
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,  
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast  
given.

THEODORE PARKER

## CONFIDO ET CONQUIESCO

**F**RET not, poor soul: while doubt and fear  
 Disturb thy breast,  
 The pitying angels, who can see  
 How vain thy wild regret must be,  
 Say, Trust and Rest.

Plan not, nor scheme, — but calmly wait;  
 His choice is best.  
 While blind and erring is thy sight,  
 His wisdom sees and judges right,  
 So Trust and Rest.

Strive not, nor struggle: thy poor might  
 Can never wrest  
 The meanest thing to serve thy will;  
 All power is His alone: Be still,  
 And Trust and Rest.

Desire not: self-love is strong  
 Within thy breast;  
 And yet He loves thee better still,  
 So let Him do His loving will,  
 And Trust and Rest.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns  
 Supreme confessed;  
 His power is infinite; His love  
 Thy deepest, fondest dreams above; —  
 So Trust and Rest.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

## FAIRY SONG

**S**HED no tear! O, shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Weep no more! O, weep no more!  
Young buds sleep in the root's white core.  
Dry your eyes! O, dry your eyes!  
For I was taught in Paradise  
To ease my breast of melodies, —  
  Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!  
'Mong the blossoms white and red, —  
Look up, look up! I flutter now  
On this fresh pomegranate bough.  
See me! 'tis this silvery bill  
Ever cures the good man's ill,  
Shed no tear! O, shed no tear!  
The flower will bloom another year.  
Adieu, adieu — I fly — adieu!  
I vanish in the heaven's blue, —  
  Adieu, adieu!

JOHN KEATS

## TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE

**B**Y thine own soul's law learn to live,  
And if men thwart thee take no heed,  
And if men hate thee have no care;  
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,  
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,  
And claim no crown they will not give,  
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,  
And to thy heart be true thy heart;  
What thy soul teaches learn to know,  
And play out thine appointed part;  
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,  
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,  
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,  
And let thy feet be lured to stray  
Nowhither, but be swift to run,  
And nowhere tarry by the way,  
Until at last the end is won,  
And thou mayst look back from thy place  
And see thy long day's journey done.

PAKENHAM BEATTY

## THE EVENING CLOUD

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,  
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:  
Long had I watched the glory moving on  
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.  
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!  
Even in its very motion there was rest;  
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow  
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.  
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,  
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;  
And by the breath of mercy made to roll  
Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,  
Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,  
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON (*Christopher North*)

## HARVEST-HOURS

**H**OW peacefully the broad and golden moon  
Comes up to gaze upon the reaper's toil!  
That they who own the land for many a mile,  
May bless her beams, and they who take the boon  
Of scatter'd ears; Oh! beautiful! how soon  
The dusk is turn'd to silver without soil,  
Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at noon,  
And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil;  
So, to our souls, the Lord of love and might  
Sends harvest-hours, when daylight disappears;  
When age and sorrow, like a coming night,  
Darken our field of work with doubts and fears,  
He times the presence of His heavenly light  
To rise up softly o'er our silver hairs.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER



## PICTURES OF OUR PAST

FROM "RAPHAEL"

**W**E shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on the eternal wall  
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
Or Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side?

Oh no! — We live our life again:  
Or warmly touched or coldly dim  
The pictures of the Past remain, —  
Man's works shall follow him!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

## AFFLICTIONS

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,  
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou  
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;  
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave  
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;  
Then lay before him all thou hast. Allow  
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,  
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave  
Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be  
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate,  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;  
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting  
to the end.

AUBREY THOMAS DE VERE

## HYMN TO THE CITY

**N**OT in the solitude  
Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see  
Only in savage wood  
And sunny vale, the present Deity;  
Or only hear His voice  
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold  
Thy steps, Almighty! — here, amidst the crowd,  
Through the great city rolled,  
With everlasting murmur deep and loud —  
Choking the ways that wind  
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

Thy Spirit is around,  
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;  
And this eternal sound —  
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng —  
Like the resounding sea,  
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hours of rest  
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,  
Hushing its billowy breast —  
The quiet of that moment too is Thine;  
It breathes of Him who keeps  
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

## MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS

**M**Y minde to me a kingdom is;  
 Such perfect joy therein I finde  
 As farre exceeds all earthly blisse  
 That God or nature hath assignde;  
 Though much I want that most would have,  
 Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay, —  
 I seek no more than may suffice.  
 I presse to beare no haughtie sway;  
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies.  
 Loe, thus I triumph like a king,  
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;  
 I little have, yet seek no more.  
 They are but poore, though much they have,  
 And I am rich with little store.  
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
 They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

The court ne cart I like ne loath, —  
 Extreames are counted worst of all;  
 The golden meane betwixt them both  
 Doth surest sit, and feares no fall;  
 This is my choyce; for why, I finde  
 No wealth is like a quiet minde.

SIR EDWARD DYER

## FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT

**P**RUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control  
That o'er thee swell and throng;  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run  
In soft luxurious flow,  
Shrinks when hard service must be done,  
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,  
Where hearts and wills are weigh'd,  
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,  
Which bloom their hour and fade.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

## ENRICHING LOVE

FROM "EVANGELINE"

AND thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,  
Said, with a smile, — "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!  
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!  
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.  
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,  
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"  
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

## 'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER

'**T**IS but a little faded flower,  
But oh, how fondly dear!  
'Twill bring me back one golden hour,  
Through many a weary year.  
I may not to the world impart  
The secret of its power,  
But treasured in my inmost heart,  
I keep my faded flower.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,  
Within its inmost core,  
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,  
Of days that are no more?  
Who hath not saved some trifling thing  
More prized than jewels rare —  
A faded flower, a broken ring,  
A tress of golden hair?

ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH

## IN MANY PARTS

**G**OD of the Dew,  
In gentlest minstrelsy, —  
As silently  
Would I some soul refresh anew.

God of the Sun,  
• Far flaming heat and light, —  
Be my delight  
On radiant errands swift to run.

God of the Star,  
To its stern orbit true, —  
My soul imbue  
With dread, lest I thy order mar.

God of the Sea,  
Majestic, vast, profound, —  
Enlarge my bound,  
Broader and deeper may I be.

MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK



## A PSALM OF PRAISE

I PRAISE God that he gave man breath  
To breathe the mountains and the seas;  
I praise Him that He sends us death  
To give us solitude and ease.

I praise God that He gave man sight  
And knowledge of the lakes and streams;  
I praise Him that He sends us night  
And blinding mystery of dreams.

I praise God that He gave man speech  
And thoughts that lap the world with fire;  
I praise Him that He orders each  
To set a bound to his desire.

I praise God that He gave man love,  
And faith, and truth, and simple joys;  
I praise Him that the stars above  
Are not subservient to our noise.

I praise God that He built man's brain  
Wide open to the sense's thrill;  
I praise Him that He sends us pain  
To break the thralldom of the will.

I praise God for the darts that sting,  
The age-long toil, the ceaseless strife;  
I praise God that He made man king  
To choose in freedom death or life.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

## AUTUMN JEWELS

FROM "THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA VUOLICH"

**I**T was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright  
October,  
Then when brackens are changed, and heather-  
blossoms are faded,  
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are  
bonnie;  
Alders are green and oaks; the rowan scarlet and  
yellow;  
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the  
aspen,  
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair  
of the birch-tree,  
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace,  
and ear-rings,  
Cover her now o'er and o'er; she is weary and  
scatters them from her.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

## BEAUTY'S SADNESS

ALL beautiful things bring sadness, nor alone  
Music, whereof that wisest poet spake;  
Because in us keen longings they awake  
After the good for which we pine and groan,  
From which exil'd we make continual moan,  
Till once again we may our spirits slake  
At those clear streams, which man did first forsake,  
When he would dig for fountains of his own.  
All beauty makes us sad, yet not in vain:  
For who would be ungracious to refuse,  
Or not to use, this sadness without pain,  
Whether it flows upon us from the hues  
Of sunset, from the time of stars and dews,  
From the clear sky, or waters pure of stain?

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH

## TIMES GO BY TURNS

**T**HE loppèd tree in time may grow again,  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sorest wight may find release of pain,  
The driest soil suck in some moist'ning shower;  
Times go by turns and chances change by course,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;  
Her time hath equal times to come and go,  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,  
No endless night yet not eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
The net that holds no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crost,  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;  
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall:  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS

**T**AKE the world as it is! — there are good and bad in it,  
 And good and bad will be from now to the end;  
 And they, who expect to make saints in a minute,  
 Are in danger of marring more hearts than they'll mend.

If ye wish to be happy ne'er seek for the faults,  
 Or you're sure to find something or other amiss;  
 'Mid much that debases, and much that exalts,  
 The world's not a bad one if left as it is.

Take the world as it is! — with its smiles and its sorrow,  
 Its love and its friendship, — its falsehood and truth,  
 Its schemes that depend on the breath of to-morrow  
 Its hopes which pass by like the dreams of our youth:  
 Yet, oh! whilst the light of affection may shine,  
 The heart in itself hath a fountain of bliss;  
 In the worst there's some spark of a nature divine,  
 And the wisest and best take the world as it is.

CHARLES SWAIN

## NIGHT THOUGHTS

FROM "THE PAINS OF SLEEP"

**E**RE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
It hath not been my use to pray  
With moving lips or bended knees;  
But silently, by slow degrees,  
My spirit I to love compose,  
In humble trust mine eyelids close,  
With reverential resignation,  
No wish conceived, no thought expressed!  
Only a sense of supplication,  
A sense o'er all my soul imprest  
That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
Since, in me, round me, everywhere,  
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

## HIS LOVE AND CARE

FROM "THE ETERNAL GOODNESS"

I SEE the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;  
I know that God is good!

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

## TO AUTUMN

**S**EASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!  
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves  
 run;  
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
 With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
 Until they think warm days will never cease,  
 For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —  
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
 Among the river sallows, borne aloft  
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
 Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;  
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS



## MOONLIGHT

**E**TERNE Apollo! that thy sister fair  
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.  
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,  
She unobservèd steals unto her throne,  
And there she sits most meek and most alone;  
As if she had not pomp subservient;  
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent  
Towards her with the muses in thine heart;  
As if the ministering stars kept not apart,  
Waiting for silver-footed messages.  
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees  
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:  
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din  
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.  
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip  
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,  
Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:  
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,  
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;  
And yet thy benediction passeth not  
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot  
Where pleasure may be sent. . . .

JOHN KEATS

## A SONG OF LOW DEGREE

FROM "THE GREY BRETHREN"

LORD, I am small, and yet so great,  
The whole world stands to my estate,  
And in Thine Image I create.  
The sea is mine; and the broad sky  
Is mine in its immensity:  
The river and the river's gold;  
The earth's hid treasure manifold;  
The love of creatures small and great,  
Save where I reap a previous hate;  
The noon-tide sun with hot caress,  
The night with quiet loveliness,  
The wind that bends the pliant trees,  
The whisper of the summer breeze;  
The kiss of snow and rain; the star  
That shines a greeting from afar;  
All, all are mine; and yet so small  
Am I that lo, I needs must call,  
Great King, upon the Babe in Thee,  
And crave that Thou would'st give to me  
The grace of Thy humility.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS

## TO AN ENEMY

ALTHOUGH I love my friend, still let me yield  
This tribute to thy worth, mine enemy!  
Unjust thou art, perchance, no doubt unkind,  
Yet much I owe to thee, stern monitor!  
Faults though thou hast, due honor shall be thine.  
Close, keen-eyed critic, oft thy scrutiny  
Hath made me blush defenceless, and in shame  
Turn from my darling idols. Thou hast set  
Full oft in paths of righteousness my feet,  
That else had wandered in forbidden ways,  
Lovely yet treacherous, and thy censure harsh  
Hath oft rebuked my days of dalliance  
In pleasant fields where pitfalls hid in flowers  
Awaited me with secret perils. Yea,  
Thy sneer hath been a sword to prod me on  
To duty; it hath been a goading spur  
To make me win a race I counted lost.  
Thy jeer hath oft aroused me till I swore  
To reach success despite thy prophecies  
Of my defeat; thy challenge, like a blast  
Of trumpets when the battle hangs in doubt,  
Hath nerved my hand to snatch the victor's wreath  
That else had never graced my brows.

. . . Stern friend,  
Not thine to soothe with silken flatteries,  
Nor gloze with unctuous phrases; it is thine  
To do much more — *to save me from myself!*

WALTER MALONE

## PATIENT ENDURANCE

FROM "COLUMBUS"

**E**NDURANCE is the crowning quality,  
 And patience all the passion of great hearts;  
 These are their stay, and when the leaden world  
 Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,  
 And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,  
 Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,  
 The inspired soul but flings his patience in,  
 And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe, —  
 One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,  
 One soul against the flesh of all mankind.  
 Thus ever seems it when my soul can hear  
 The voice that errs not; . . .

One day more

These muttering shoalbrains leave the helm to me.  
 God, let me not in their dull ooze be stranded;  
 Let not this one frail bark, to hollow which  
 I have dug out the pith and sinewy heart  
 Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so  
 Cast up to warp and blacken in the sun,  
 Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle off  
 His cheek-swollen mates, and from the leaning mast  
 Fortune's full sail strains forward!

One poor day! —

Remember whose and not how short it is!  
 It is God's day, it is Columbus's.  
 A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,  
 Is more than time enough to find a world.<sup>1</sup>"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

<sup>1</sup> On October 22 Columbus discovered the Western World.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
Lodged with me useless, — though my soul more  
bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, lest He, returning, chide, —  
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”

I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need  
Either man’s work or His own gifts: Who best  
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His  
state

Is Kingly: Thousands at His bidding speed,  
And post o’er land and ocean without rest:  
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

MILTON

## DIVINE REFRESHING

WHEN first I saw true beauty, and Thy joys  
Active as light, and calm without all noise,  
Shined on my soul, I felt through all my powers  
Such a rich air of sweets, as evening showers  
Fanned by a gentle gale convey, and breathe  
On some parched bank, crowned with a flowery  
wreath;

Odors, and myrrh, and balm in one rich flood,  
O'erran my heart, and spirited my blood;  
My thoughts did swim in comforts, and mine eye  
Confessed the world did only paint and lie.  
And where before I did no safe course steer,  
But wandered under tempests all the year;  
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,  
And was blown through by every storm and wind,  
I am so warmed now by this glance on me,  
That midst all storms I feel a ray of Thee.  
So have I known some beauteous paysage rise  
In sudden flowers and arbors to my eyes,  
And in the depth and dead of winter bring  
To my cold thoughts a lively sense of spring.

Thus fed by Thee, who dost all beings nourish,  
My withered leaves again look green and flourish.

HENRY VAUGHAN

## PRAYER

**L**ORD, what a change within us one short hour  
Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,  
What parchèd grounds refresh, as with a shower!  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;  
We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear;  
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.  
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,  
Or others — that we are not always strong,  
That we are ever overborne with care,  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH

## EVENING

'T IS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,  
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze;  
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight  
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness  
 The traveller on his way must press,  
 No gleam to watch on tree or tower,  
 Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,  
 It is not night if Thou be near:  
 Oh! may no earth-born cloud arise  
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live:  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

JOHN KEBLE



## LATE OCTOBER

**H**OW peacefully the sunlight fell  
Across the woodland's pleasant reaches,  
And like a shower of gilded rain  
The leaves dropped from the golden beeches!  
Far down the shadowy aisles I heard  
An undertone of plaintive sighing,  
As if the waning Summer wept  
For all her glories dead and dying.

The golden-rod, with drooping plume,  
Had lost its aureole of gladness;  
The starless mullein by the road  
Dropped down its seeds like tears of sadness;  
The far-off hill, veiled like a bride,  
Seemed wedded to the sky immortal;  
And through the sunset's golden gate  
There flashed the gleam of heaven's portal.

O peaceful hour, O faith renewed,  
That touched the fading earth with sweetness,  
And lifted up my heart in thanks  
For life's glad measure of completeness!  
Though dead leaves rustle at my feet,  
And all the fields are brown and sober,  
The heart may blossom with new hope  
Beneath the gray skies of October.

D. M. JORDAN

## HOW DO WE KNOW?

**H**OW can we tell who sinnèd more than we?  
 How can we tell?  
 We think our brother walkèd guiltily,  
 Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!  
 Perhaps had we been driven through the hell  
 Of his untold temptations, we might be  
 Less upright in our daily walk than he —  
 How can we tell?

. . . . .  
 Dare we condemn the ills that others do?  
 Dare we condemn?  
 Their strength is small, their trials not a few,  
 The tide of wrong is difficult to stem;  
 And if to us more clearly than to them  
 Is given knowledge of the great and true,  
 More do they need our help and pity too —  
 Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day, —  
 God help us all!  
 We cannot walk alone the perfect way.  
 Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.  
 We are but human, and our power is small;  
 Not one of us may boast, and not a day  
 Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,  
 God help us all!

*The Humbler Poets*

## JUDGE NOT

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight  
May be a token that below  
The soul has closed in deadly fight  
With some infernal fiery foe,  
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,  
And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise, —  
May be the angel's slackened hand  
Has suffered it, that he may rise  
And take a firmer, surer stand;  
Or, trusting less to earthly things,  
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,  
With hopeful pity, not disdain;  
The depth of the abyss may be  
The measure of the height of pain  
And love and glory that may raise  
This soul to God in after days!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

## THE SPIRIT WORLD

FROM "LAODOMIA"

— P EACE!" he said, —  
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered:  
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;  
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared  
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;  
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged there  
In happier beauty: more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## MINISTERING ANGELS

FROM "THE FAERIE QUEENE"

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,  
That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is:— else much more wretched were the case  
Of men than beasts. But oh! th' exceeding grace  
Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,  
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,  
That blessèd angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succor us that succor want!  
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!  
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;  
And all for love and nothing for reward;  
Oh, why should Heavenly God to men have such  
regard!

EDMUND SPENSER

## LORD, I HAVE LAIN

**L**ORD, I have lain  
 Barren too long, and fain  
 I would redeem the time, that I may be  
 Fruitful to Thee;  
 Fruitful in knowledge, love, obedience,  
 Ere I go hence:  
 That when I come  
 At harvest to be reapèd, and brought home,  
 Thine angels may  
 My soul in Thy celestial garner lay,  
 Where perfect joy and bliss  
 Eternal is.

If to entreat  
 A crop of purest wheat,  
 A blessing too transcendent should appear  
 For me to hear,  
 Lord, make me what Thou wilt, so Thou wilt take  
 What thou dost make,  
 And not disdain  
 To house me, though among Thy coarsest grain;  
 So I may be  
 Laid with the gleanings gathered by Thee,  
 When the full sheaves are spent,  
 I am content.

FRANCIS QUARLES

## QUIET WORK

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept at one  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity —

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;  
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

## QUESTIONS

FROM "MY SOUL AND I"

STAND still, my soul, in the silent dark  
 I would question thee,  
 Alone in the shadow drear and stark  
 With God and me!

What, my soul, was thy errand here?  
 Was it mirth or ease,  
 Or heaping up dust from year to year?  
 "Nay, none of these!"

Speak, soul, aright in His holy sight  
 Whose eye looks still  
 And steadily on thee through the night:  
 "To do His will!"

What hast thou done, oh soul of mine  
 That thou tremblest so? —  
 Has thou wrought His task, and kept the line  
 He bade thee go?

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,  
 For God and Man,  
 From the golden hours of bright-eyed youth  
 To Life's mid-span?

Ah, soul of mine, thy tones I hear,  
 But weak and low,  
 Like far sad murmurs on my ear  
 They come and go.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



## "DO THE NEXT THING"

**M**ANY a questioning, many a fear,  
Many a doubt, hath its quieting here —  
Moment by moment, led down from heaven,  
Time, opportunity, guidance are given!  
Fear not to-morrows, Child of the King!  
Trust them with Jesus — "Do the next thing."

Do it immediately, do it with prayer,  
Do it reliantly, casting all care;  
Do it with reverence, tracing His hand  
Who hath placed it before thee with earnest  
command.

Stayed on Omnipotence, safe neath His wing,  
Leave all resultings — "Do the next thing."

M. E. PAULL

## WHAT OF THAT?

**T** IRED! Well, what of that?  
 Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,  
 Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?  
 Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day!  
 Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?  
 Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all  
 To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,  
 To blend another life into its own.  
 Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?  
 Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?  
 Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!  
 Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight;  
 Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, and what of that?  
 Didst fancy life one summer holiday,  
 With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?  
 Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!  
 It must be learned! Learn it then patiently.

No help! Nay, it's not so!  
 Though human help be far, thy God is nigh.  
 Who feeds the ravens, hears his children's cry.  
 He's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,  
 And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

*Detroit Free Press*

## THOU KNOWEST

**T**HOU knowest, O my Father! Why should I  
Weary high heaven with restless prayers and tears!  
Thou knowest all! My heart's unuttered cry  
Hath soared beyond the stars and reached Thine  
ears.

Thou knowest, — ah, Thou knowest! Then what  
need,  
O, loving God, to tell Thee o'er and o'er,  
And with persistent iteration plead  
As one who crieth at some closèd door?

“Tease not!” we mothers to our children say, —  
“Our wiser love will grant whate'er is best.”  
Shall we, Thy children, run to Thee alway,  
Begging for this and that in wild unrest?

I dare not clamor at the heavenly gate,  
Lest I should lose the high, sweet strains within;  
O, Love Divine! I can but stand and wait  
Till Perfect Wisdom bids me enter in!

JULIA CAROLINE RIPLEY DORR

## RAIN

**D**ASHING in big drops on the narrow pane,  
And making mournful music for the mind,  
While plays his interlude the wizard wind,  
I hear the ringing of the frequent rain:  
How doth its dreamy tone the spirit lull,  
Bringing a sweet forgetfulness of pain,  
While busy thought calls up the past again,  
And lingers mid the pure and beautiful  
Visions of early childhood! Sunny faces  
Meet us with looks of love, and in the moans  
Of the faint wind we hear familiar tones,  
And tread again in old familiar places!  
Such is thy power, O rain! the heart to bless,  
Wiling the soul away from its own wretchedness.

WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH

## SONG

**N**O, no, the falling blossom is no sign  
Of loveliness destroy'd and sorrow mute;  
The blossom sheds its loveliness divine; —  
Its mission is to prophecy the fruit.

Nor is the day of love for ever dead,  
When young enchantment and romance are gone;  
The veil is drawn, but all the future dread  
Is lightened by the finger of the dawn.

Love moves with life along a darker way,  
They cast a shadow and they call it death:  
But rich is the fulfilment of their day;  
The purer passion and the firmer faith.

GEORGE MEREDITH

## REST

**I**LAY me down to sleep,  
With little thought or care  
Whether my waking find  
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head,  
That only asks to rest,  
Unquestioning, upon  
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
Its cunning now;  
To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
Nor strong — all that is past;  
I am ready not to do  
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,  
And this is all my part;  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,  
Though all its blue be dim;  
These stripes, no less than stars,  
Lead after Him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND

## HYMN

O LI'L' lamb out in de col',  
 De Mastah call you to de fol',  
     O li'P' lamb!  
 He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill;  
 Come hyeah an' keep yo' mou'nin' still,  
     O li'P' lamb!

De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo'f;  
 He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,  
     O li'P' lamb!  
 He wandah eas', he wandah wes';  
 De win' a-wrenchin' at his breas',  
     O li'P' lamb!

Oh, tell de Shepud whaih you hide;  
 He want you walkin' by his side,  
     O li'P' lamb!  
 He know you weak, he know you so';  
 But come, don't stay away no mo',  
     O li'P' lamb!

An' af' ah while de lamb he hyeah  
 De Shepud's voice a-callin' cleah —  
     Sweet li'P' lamb!  
 He answah f'om de brambles thick,  
 "O Shepud, I's a-comin' quick" —  
     O li'P' lamb!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

## A GIRL OF POMPEII

**A** PUBLIC haunt they found her in:  
She lay asleep, a lovely child;  
The only thing left undefiled  
Where all things else bore taint of sin.

Her charming contours fixed in clay  
The universal law suspend,  
And turn Time's chariot back, and blend,  
A thousand years with yesterday.

A sinless touch, austere yet warm,  
Around her girlish figure pressed,  
Caught the sweet imprint of her breast,  
And held her, surely clasped, from harm.

Truer than work of sculptor's art  
Comes this dear maid of long ago,  
Sheltered from woful chance, to show  
A spirit's lovely counterpart,

And bid mistrustful men be sure  
That form shall fate of flesh escape,  
And, quit of earth's corruptions, shape  
Itself, imperishably pure.

EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN



## JUDGMENT

FROM "TO THE UNCO GUID"

**T**HEN gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
To step aside is human.  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving why they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord, — its various tone,  
Each spring, — its various bias:  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

ROBERT BURNS

## CALM

'T IS a dull, sullen day, — the gray beach o'er  
In rippling curves the ebbing ocean flows;  
Along each tiny crest that nears the shore  
A line of soft green shadows rises, glides, and goes.

The tide recedes, the flat smooth beach grows bare,  
More faint the low sweet plashing on my ears,  
Yet still I watch the dimpling shadows fair,  
As each is born, glides, pauses, disappears.

What channel needs our faith, except the eyes?  
God leaves no spot of earth unglorified;  
Profuse and wasteful, lovelinesses rise;  
New beauties dawn before the old have died.

Trust thou thy joys in keeping of the Power  
Who holds these changing shadows in His hand;  
Believe and live, and know that hour by hour  
Will ripple newer beauty to thy strand.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

## HOPE

FROM "WITHIN AND WITHOUT"

AND do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain  
More than the Father's heart rich good invent?  
Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent,  
We know the primrose time will come again;  
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain.  
Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent  
Is confidence unto the Father lent:  
Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain.  
His thoughts are as thine own; nor are His ways  
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense  
Of beauty infinite and love intense.  
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,  
A sunny joy will crown thee with its rays;  
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MACDONALD

## THE LARGENESS OF TRUTH

FROM "ASTRÆA: THE BALANCE OF ILLUSIONS"

**T**HESE lines may teach, rough-spoken  
though they be,  
Thy gentle creed, divinest Charity!  
Truth is at heart not always as she seems,  
Judged by our sleeping or our waking dreams.

We trust and doubt, we question and believe,  
From life's dark threads a trembling faith to  
weave,  
Frail as the web that misty night has spun,  
Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in the sun.  
Though Sovereign Wisdom, at His creatures' call,  
Has taught us much, He has not taught us all;  
When Sinai's summit was Jehovah's throne,  
The chosen Prophet knew His voice alone;  
When Pilate's hall that awful question heard,  
The Heavenly Captive answered not a word.

Eternal Truth! Beyond our hopes and fears  
Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad spheres!  
From age to age while History carves sublime  
On her waste rock the flaming curves of time,  
How the wild swayings of our planet show  
That worlds unseen surround the world we know!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

## TEARS

WHEN I consider Life and its few years —  
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
A call to battle, and the battle done  
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;  
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;  
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;  
The burst of music down an unlistening street —  
I wonder at the idleness of tears.  
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,  
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,  
By every cup of sorrow that you had,  
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright  
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;  
Homer his sight, David his little lad!

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

## "NOW LIKE A RED LEAF"

**I**N youth how slowly passed the golden day!  
As if upon the stillness of some brook  
You threw a rose-leaf, and the rose-leaf took  
Its own sweet time to loiter to the bay;  
The lark sang always; life was endless play;  
We lived on nectar from a poet's book;  
Drifting along by many a sunny nook,  
Little we cared — it would be ever May!  
Now, like a red leaf on the autumnal stream  
That cannot steer nor stop — that cannot sink —  
Swiftly I glide. As in some fateful dream  
There is no time to pause — no time to think;  
The cataract roars — I see the white foam gleam  
Within the gorge — it draws me to the brink!

LLOYD MIFFLIN

## SAID I NOT SO?

SAID I not so, — that I would sin no more?  
 Witness, my God, I did;  
 Yet I am run again upon the score:  
 My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do? — make vows and break  
 them still?  
 'Twill be but labor lost;  
 My good cannot prevail against mine ill:  
 The business will be crost.

“O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength  
 Thy God may give thee at the length.  
 Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,  
 Thy God will pardon all that's past.  
 Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow,  
 thou mayst  
 Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

“Thy God hath not denied thee all,  
 Whilst he permits thee but to call.  
 Call to thy God for grace to keep  
 Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.  
 Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:  
 Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.”

Then once again  
 I vow to mend my ways;  
 Lord, say Amen,  
 And thine be all the praise.

GEORGE HERBERT

## I LAY IN SORROW, DEEP DISTRESSED

## I

**I** LAY in sorrow, deep distressed:  
My grief a proud man heard;  
His looks were cold, he gave me gold,  
But not a kindly word.  
My sorrow passed, — I paid him back  
The gold he gave to me;  
Then stood erect and spoke my thanks,  
And blessed his Charity.

## II

I lay in want, in grief and pain;  
A poor man passed my way;  
He bound my head, he gave me bread,  
He watched me night and day.  
How shall I pay him back again,  
For all he did to me?  
Oh, gold is great, but greater far  
Is heavenly Sympathy!

CHARLES MACKAY



## HUMAN SYMPATHY

FROM "ION"

'T IS a little thing  
To give a cup of water; yet its draught  
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,  
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame  
More exquisite than when nectarean juice  
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.  
It is a little thing to speak a phrase  
Of common comfort which by daily use  
Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear  
Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall  
Like choicest music, fill the glazing eye  
With gentle tears, relax the knotted hand  
To know the bonds of fellowship again;  
And shed on the departing soul a sense,  
More precious than the benison of friends  
About the honored death-bed of the rich,  
To him who else were lonely, that another  
Of the great family is near and feels.

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD

## OUTWARDS OR HOMEWARDS

**S**TILL are the ships that in haven ride,  
Waiting fair winds or a turn of the tide;  
Nothing they fret, though they do not get  
Out on the glorious ocean wide.  
Oh, wild hearts, that yearn to be free,  
Look, and learn from the ships of the sea!

Bravely the ships, in the tempest tossed,  
Buffet the waves till the sea be crossed;  
Not in despair of the haven fair,  
Though winds blow backward, and leagues  
    be lost;  
Oh, weary hearts, that yearn for sleep,  
Look, and learn from the ships of the deep!

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON

## MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND

MY times are in thy hand!

I know not what a day  
Or e'en an hour may bring to me,  
But I am safe while trusting thee,  
Though all things fade away.

All weakness, I

On him rely

Who fix'd the earth and spread the starry sky.

My times are in thy hand!

Pale poverty or wealth,  
Corroding care or calm repose,  
Spring's balmy breath or winter's snows,  
Sickness or buoyant health, —

Whate'er betide,

If God provide,

'Tis for the best; I wish no lot beside.

My times are in thy hand!

Should friendship pure illumine  
And strew my path with fairest flowers,  
Or should I spend life's dreary hours

In solitude's dark gloom,

Thou art a friend,

Till time shall end

Unchangeably the same; in thee all beauties blend.

CHRISTOPHER NEWMAN HALL

L. E. L.'S <sup>1</sup> LAST QUESTION

"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

*From her Poem written during the Voyage to the Cape*

**D**O you think of me as I think of you,  
My friends, my friends?" — She said it from the  
sea,

The English minstrel in her minstrelsy,  
While, under brighter skies than erst she knew,  
Her heart grew dark, and groped there as the blind  
To reach across the waves friends left behind —  
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

It seemed not much to ask — "as *I* of *you*?"  
We all do ask the same; no eyelids cover  
Within the meekest eyes that question over:  
And little in the world the Loving do  
But sit (among the rocks?) and listen for  
The echo of their own love evermore —  
"Do you think of me as I think of you?"

But while on mortal lips I shape anew  
A sigh to mortal issues, verily  
Above the unshaken stars that see us die,  
A vocal pathos rolls; and He who drew  
All life from dust, and for all tasted death,  
By death and life and love, appealing saith,  
*Do you think of me as I think of you?*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

<sup>1</sup> Lætitia Elizabeth Landon, the poetess.

THY WILL BE DONE

**T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be!  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not, if I might;  
Choose Thou for me, my God;  
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine;  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill;

. . . . .

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all!

HORATIUS BONAR

## NOVEMBER

**T**HE mellow year is hastening to its close;  
The little birds have almost sung their last,  
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast —  
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;  
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,  
Oft with the Morn's hoar crystal quaintly glass'd  
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,  
And makes a little summer where it grows:  
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day  
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,  
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way  
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,  
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,  
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

## LESSONS FROM THE GORSE

"To win the secret of a weed's plain heart." — LOWELL.

**M**OUNTAIN gorses, ever golden,  
 Cankered not the whole year long,  
 Do ye teach us to be strong,  
 Howsoever pricked and holden,  
 Like your thorny blooms, and so  
 Trodden on by rain and snow,  
 Up the hillside of this life, as bleak as where ye grow?

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,  
 Do ye teach us to be glad  
 When no summer can be had,  
 Blooming in our inward bosoms? —  
 Ye whom God preserveth still,  
 Set as lights upon a hill,  
 Tokens to the wintry earth that beauty liveth still.

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us  
 From that academic chair  
 Canopied with azure air,  
 That the wisest word man reaches  
 Is the humblest he can speak? —  
 Ye who live on mountain peak,  
 Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses  
 meek.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

## THE JUDGMENT

**T**HOU hast done evil  
And given place to the devil;  
Yet so cunningly thou concealest  
The thing which thou feelest,  
That no eye espieth it,  
Satan himself denieth it.  
Go where it chooseth thee,  
There is none that accuseth thee;  
Neither foe nor lover  
Will the wrong uncover;  
The world's breath raiseth thee,  
And thy own past praiseth thee.

Yet know thou this:  
At quick of thy being  
Is an eye all-seeing,  
The snake's wit evadeth not,  
The charmed lip persuadeth not;  
So thoroughly it despiseth  
The thing thy hand prizeth,  
Though the sun were thy clothing,  
It should count thee for nothing.  
Thine own eye divineth thee,  
Thine own soul arraigneth thee;  
God himself cannot shrive thee  
Till that judge forgive thee.

DORA READ GOODALE



## FOR DIVINE STRENGTH

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,  
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;  
For we are weak and need some deep revealing  
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and  
sorrow,  
And thou hast made each step an onward one;  
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow —  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy  
Abides; and when pain seems to have her will,  
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,  
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father — now, in thy dear presence kneeling,  
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;  
Now make us strong — we need thy deep revealing  
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

## THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS

**K**IND was my friend who, in the Eastern land,  
Remembered me with such a gracious hand,  
And sent this Moorish Crescent which has been  
Worn on the tawny bosom of a queen.

No more it sinks and rises in unrest  
To the soft music of her heathen breast;  
No barbarous chief shall bow before it more,  
No turban'd slave shall envy and adore!

I place beside this relic of the Sun  
A Cross of Cedar brought from Lebanon,  
Once borne, perchance, by some pale monk who trod  
The desert to Jerusalem — and his God!

Here do they lie, two symbols of two creeds,  
Each meaning something to our human needs,  
Both stained with blood, and sacred made by faith,  
By tears, and prayers, and martyrdom, and death.

That for the Moslem is, but this for me!  
The waning Crescent lacks divinity:  
It gives me dreams of battles, and the woes  
Of women shut in hushed seraglios.

But when this Cross of simple wood I see,  
The Star of Bethlehem shines again for me,  
And glorious visions break upon my gloom —  
The patient Christ, and Mary at the Tomb!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

## THE AUTUMN OF LIFE

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY"

**T**HOUGH nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
Think not of any severing of our loves!  
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;  
I only have relinquished one delight,  
To live beneath your more habitual sway.  
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,  
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they:  
The innocent brightness of a new-born day  
Is lovely yet;  
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;  
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

## DECEMBER

**T**HE beech is bare, and bare the ash,  
The thickets white below;  
The fir-tree scowls with hoar moustache,  
He cannot sing for snow.

The body-guard of veteran pines,  
A grim battalion, stands;  
They ground their arms, in ordered lines,  
For Winter so commands.

The waves are dumb along the shore,  
The river's pulse is still;  
The north-wind's bugle blows no more  
Reveill  from the hill.

The rustling sift of falling snow,  
The muffled crush of leaves,  
These are the sounds suppressed, that show  
How much the forest grieves;

But, as the blind and vacant Day  
Crawls to his ashy bed,  
I hear dull echoes far away,  
Like drums above the dead.

Sigh with me, Pine that never changed!  
Thou wear'st the Summer's hue;  
Her other loves are all estranged,  
But thou and I are true!

BAYARD TAYLOR

## ON HIS DIVINE POEMS

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,  
The subject made us able to indite:  
The soul, with nobler resolutions deck'd,  
The body stooping, does herself erect:  
No mortal parts are requisite to raise  
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praise.  
The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er:  
So, calm are we, when passions are no more!  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness, which age descries.  
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has  
made:  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home:  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER

## LAST LINES

**N**O coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life — that in me has rest,  
As I — undying Life — have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;  
Worthless as wither'd weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;  
So surely anchor'd on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes cease to be,  
And Thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

EMILY BRONTË

## O LOVE OF GOD

**O** LOVE of God, how strong and true!  
Eternal, and yet ever new;  
Uncomprehended and unbought,  
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!

O heavenly Love, how precious still!  
In days of weariness and ill,  
In nights of pain and helplessness,  
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,  
We read Thee in the sky above;  
We read Thee in the earth below,  
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

We read Thee best in Him who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame,  
Sent by the Father from on high,  
Our life to live, our death to die.

O Love of God, our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way;  
Eternal love, in thee we rest,  
Forever safe, forever blest.

HORATIUS BONAR

## WINTER SONG

SUMMER joys are o'er;  
Flowerets bloom no more,  
Wintry winds are sweeping;  
Through the snow-drifts peeping,  
Cheerful evergreen  
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumèd throng  
Charms the wood with song;  
Ice-bound trees are glittering;  
Merry snow-birds, twittering,  
Fondly strive to cheer  
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see  
Many charms in thee, —  
Love thy chilly greeting,  
Snow-storms fiercely beating,  
And the dear delights  
Of the long, long nights.

*German of* LUDWIG H. C. HÖLTY  
*Translation of* CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS



## SONG OF THE ROSES

FROM "GARDEN FAIRIES"

SOFTLY sinking through the snow,  
To our winter rest we go,  
Underneath the snow to house  
Till the birds be in the boughs,  
And the boughs with leaves be fair,  
And the sun shine everywhere.

"Softly through the snow we settle,  
Little snow-drops press each petal.  
Oh, the snow is kind and white, —  
Soft it is, and very light;  
Soon we shall be where no light is,  
But where sleep is, and where night is, —  
Sleep of every wind unshaken,  
Till our Summer bids us waken."

Then toward some far-off goal that singing drew;  
Then altogether ceas'd; more steely blue  
The blue stars shone; but in my spirit grew  
Hope of Summer, love of Roses,  
Certainty that Sorrow closes.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON

## THE GRAND OLD NAME

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

**T**HE churl in spirit, howe'er he veil  
His want in forms for fashion's sake,  
Will let his coltish nature break  
At seasons through the gilded pale:

For who can always act? But he,  
To whom a thousand memories call,  
Not being less but more than all  
The gentleness he seemed to be,

So wore his outward best, and joined  
Each office of the social hour  
To noble manners, as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,  
Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
Drew in the expression of an eye,  
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soiled with all ignoble use.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

DIED DECEMBER 7, 1683

FROM "AN ELEGY ON A FRIEND'S PASSION FOR  
HIS ASTROPHILL"

WITHIN these woods of Arcadie  
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,  
And on the mountaine Parthenie,  
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,  
The Muses met him ev'ry day,  
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe to the mount,  
His personage seemed most divine,  
A thousand graces one might count  
Upon his lovely, cheerfull eie;  
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,  
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kinde of grace,  
A full assurance given by lookes,  
Continuall comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospell bookes;  
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie did see that face,  
Was never eare did heare that tong,  
Was never minde did minde his grace,  
That ever thought the travell long;  
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,  
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

MATTHEW ROYDEN

## MILTON

BORN DECEMBER 9, 1608

**H**IS feet were shod with music and had wings  
Like Hermes: far upon the peaks of song  
His sandals sounded silverly along;  
The dull world blossomed into beauteous things  
Where'er he trod; and Heliconian springs  
Gushed from the rocks he touched; round him a  
    throng  
Of fair invisibles, seraphic, strong,  
Struck Orphean murmurs out of golden strings;  
But he, spreading keen pinions for a white  
Immensity of radiance and of peace,  
Up-looming to the Empyrean infinite,  
Far through ethereal fields, and zenith seas,  
High, with strong wing-beats and with eagle ease,  
Soared in a solitude of glorious light!

LOYD MIFFLIN

## SWEET FORGETTING

**I**N a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne'er remember  
Their green felicity:  
The north cannot undo them  
With a sleety whistle through them,  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy brook,  
Thy bubblings ne'er remember  
Apollo's summer look;  
But with a sweet forgetting  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many  
A gentle girl and boy!  
But were there ever any  
Writhed not at passèd joy?  
To know the change and feel it,  
When there is none to heal it  
Nor numbèd sense to steal it —  
Was never said in rhyme.

JOHN KEATS

## THE FIRE OF LOVE

FROM THE "EXAMEN MISCELLANEUM," 1708

**T**HE fire of love in youthful blood,  
Like what is kindled in brushwood,  
    But for a moment burns;  
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise;  
It crackles, and to vapor turns,  
    And soon itself destroys.

But when crept into aged veins  
It slowly burns, and then long remains,  
    And with a silent heat,  
Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long  
And though the flame be not so great,  
    Yet is the heat as strong.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

## TREASURES AND FRIENDS

**H**OW seldom, friend! a good great man inherits  
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!  
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,  
If any man obtain that which he merits,  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting  
strain!

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?  
Place, titles, salary — a gilded chain —  
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?  
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,  
The good great man? — three treasures, love and  
light,  
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and  
night —  
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

## THE PROSPECT

**M**ETHINKS we do as fretful children do,  
Leaning their faces on the window-pane  
To sigh the glass dim with their own breath's stain,  
And shut the sky and landscape from their view:  
And thus, alas, since God the maker drew  
A mystic separation 'twixt those twain,  
The life beyond us, and our souls in pain,  
We miss the prospect which we are called unto  
By grief we are fools to use. Be still and strong,  
O man, my brother! hold thy sobbing breath,  
And keep thy soul's large window pure from wrong,  
That so, as life's appointment issueth,  
Thy vision may be clear to watch along  
The sunset consummation-lights of death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING



OLD LETTERS

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

**B**UT when those others, one by one,  
Withdrew themselves from me and night,  
And in the house light after light  
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read  
Of that glad year which once had been,  
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,  
The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke  
The silent-speaking words, and strange  
Was love's dumb cry defying change  
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell  
On doubts that drive the coward back,  
And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,  
The dead man touch'd me from the past,  
And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd  
About empyreal heights of thought,  
And came on that which is, and caught  
The deep pulsations of the world.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## LUX EST UMBRA DEI

**N**AY, Death, thou art a shadow! Even as light  
Is but the shadow of invisible God,  
And of that shade the shadow is thin Night,  
Veiling the earth whereon our feet have trod;  
So art Thou but the shadow of this life,  
Itself the pale and unsubstantial shade  
Of living God, fulfill'd by love and strife  
Throughout the universe Himself hath made:  
And as frail Night, following the flight of earth,  
Obscures the world we breathe in for a while,  
So Thou, the reflex of our mortal birth,  
Veilest the life wherein we weep and smile:  
But when both earth and life are whirl'd away,  
What shade can shroud us from God's deathless  
day?

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

## DEATH

**D**EATH, be not proud, though some have callèd thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,  
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must  
flow;

And soonest our best men with thee do go —  
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!  
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate  
men,

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou  
then?

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt  
die!

JOHN DONNE

## WHAT LIFE HATH

**L**IFE hath its barren years,  
 When blossoms fall untimely down,  
 When ripened fruitage fails to crown  
 The summer toil, when Nature's frown  
 Looks only on our tears.

•                   •                   •                   •                   •  
 • Life hath its valleys too,  
 Where we must walk with vain regret,  
 With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet —  
 Towards sunlit hopes that soon must set,  
 All quenched in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,  
 Its tasselled corn and purple-weighted vine,  
 Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign  
 Of plenteous ripening, bread, and pure, rich wine;  
 Full hearts for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled,  
 Its glad fruitions, its blessed answered prayers,  
 Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air,  
 Indrawn to silent souls, breathes forth its rare,  
 Grand speech by joy distilled.

Life hath its Tabor heights,  
 Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition,  
 Whose unveiled glories flash to earth, munition  
 Of love and truth and clear intuition.  
 Hail! mount of all delights.

SARAH DOUDNEY

## COMPENSATION

**T**EARS wash away the atoms in the eye  
That smarted for a day;  
Rain-clouds that spoiled the splendours of the sky  
The fields with flowers array.

No chamber of pain but has some hidden door  
That promises release;  
No solitude so drear but yields its store  
Of thought and inward peace.

No night so wild but brings the constant sun  
With love and power untold;  
No time so dark but through its woof there run  
Some blessed threads of gold.

And through the long and storm-tost centuries  
burn  
In changing calm and strife  
The Pharos-lights of truth, where'er we turn, —  
The unquenched lamps of life.

O Light divine! we need no fuller test  
That all is ordered well;  
We know enough to trust that all is best  
Where Love and Wisdom dwell.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH

## THE WIND AND THE PINE

FROM "EDWIN THE FAIR"

**T**HE wind, when first he rose and went abroad  
Through the waste region, felt himself at fault,  
Wanting a voice; and suddenly to earth  
Descended with a wafture and a swoop,  
Where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,  
He woo'd the several trees to give him one.  
First he besought the ash; the voice she lent  
Fitfully with a free and lashing change  
Flung here and there its sad uncertainties:  
The aspen next; a flutter'd frivolous twitter  
Was her sole tribute: from the willow came,  
So long as dainty summer dress'd her out,  
A whispering sweetness, but her winter note  
Was hissing, dry, and reedy: lastly the pine  
Did he solicit, and from her he drew  
A voice so constant, soft, and lowly deep,  
That there he rested, welcoming in her  
A mild memorial of the ocean-cave  
Where he was born.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR

## FROM "FANCY"

**E**VER let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let wingèd Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her:  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the Spring  
Fades as does its blossoming:  
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloys with tasting: What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear faggot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night;  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the cakèd snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy  
To banish Even from her sky.  
Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
With a mind self-overawed,  
Fancy, high-commission'd: — send her!

JOHN KEATS

THE FOREFATHERS<sup>1</sup>

**T**HAT handful of half-starved fanatics," so  
 Their gifted, but o'er delicate scion writes  
 Of his brave forbears, yet their praise recites,  
 As men whose planting was ordained to grow.  
 "That handful"! But they faced the savage foe,  
 They cleared, tilled, builded, scorning vain  
 delights.  
 "Half-starved"? In spite of dearth, hale  
 appetites  
 Found wholesome cheer, such as we seldom know.

"Fanatics"? As we count fanatics, yes!  
 Their God was real; they sought him on their  
 knees;  
 Sin they abhorred, and punished to excess,  
 Since God alone they feared, and yearned to  
 please.  
 With all their faults, give us true men like these  
 To blaze a path through our rank wilderness!

WILLIAM ADDISON HOUGHTON

<sup>1</sup>"Hawthorne," by Henry James, "Eng. Men of Letters": "He was fond of it [New England history], and he was proud of it, as any New Englander must be, measuring the part of that handful of half-starved fanatics who formed his earliest precursors, in laying the foundations of a mighty empire."



## THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE breaking waves dashed high,  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark,  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence, and in fear;  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?  
No — 'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground,  
Which first their brave feet trod!  
They have left unstain'd what there they found  
Freedom to worship God!

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS

CROWDED OUT <sup>1</sup>

**N**OBODY ain't Christmas shoppin'  
 Fur *bis* stockin'.  
 Nobody ain't cotch no turkey,  
 Nobody ain't bake no pie,  
 Nobody's laid nuthin' by,  
 Santa Claus don't cut no figger  
 Fur *bis* mammy's little nigger.

Seems lak everybody's rushin'  
 An 'er crushin',  
 Crowdin' shops and jammin' trolleys,  
 Buyin' shoes an' shirts and toys  
 Fur de white folks' girls and boys;  
 But no hobby horse ain't rockin'  
 Fur *bis* little wore out stockin'.

He ain't quar'lin', recollect';  
 He don't spec'  
 Nuthin', hit's his not expectin'  
 Makes his mammy wish-O-Laws!  
 Fur er nigger Santy Claus  
 Totin jus er toy balloon  
 Fur his mammy's little coon.

ROSALIE M. JONES

<sup>1</sup> An appeal through the newspapers for a Pickaninny Christmas Tree, in remembrance of "the city's dusky poor."

## THE BELLS OF YULE

FROM "IN MEMORIAM"

**T**HE time draws near the birth of Christ:  
The moon is hid; the night is still;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no more to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy:  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,  
The merry merry bells of Yule.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

## THE VOICE OF THE CHRIST CHILD

**T**HE earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas is always young.  
The heart of the jewel burns beautiful and fair,  
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air  
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night  
On the snowflakes which cover the sod,  
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white  
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with  
delight  
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lowly, the wretched and poor,  
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall.  
And to every blind wanderer open the door  
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before  
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the fields  
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod,  
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have  
pealed,  
That mankind are the children of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

## FAITHS

**A**NUBIS and Osiris, Bast and Baal,  
These faiths are as blown sand before the wind,  
And where redoubtable Ammon was enshrined  
Only the prowling desert beasts prevail.  
Prone are the temples in the Delphian dale,  
And the Cumæan Sibyl who shall find?  
Proud Ashtoreth from glory has declined,  
And Thor is but a dim-remembered tale.

Their signs and symbols are but perished things,  
Engulfed for aye in the abyss of night;  
But one clear star its fadeless splendour flings  
Adown the years, unchanging to the sight;  
And, though death winnow with its darksome  
wings,  
Still points the way unto the Perfect Light.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

## THE SADDEST FATE

**T**O touch a broken lute,  
To strike a jangled string,  
To strive with tones forever mute  
The dear old tunes to sing —  
What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
*Alas! dear child, never to sing at all.*

To sigh for pleasures flown,  
To weep for withered flowers,  
To count the blessings we have known,  
Lost with the vanish'd hours —  
What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
*Alas! dear child, ne'er to have known them all.*

To dream of love and rest,  
To know the dream has passed,  
To bear within an aching breast  
Only a void at last —  
What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
*Alas! dear child, ne'er to have loved at all.*

To trust an unknown good,  
To hope, but all in vain.  
Over a far-off bliss to brood  
Only to find it pain —  
What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
*Alas! dear child, never to hope at all.*

ANONYMOUS

TO MY FRIENDS

FROM "PROEM": TO "THE BELLS"

**Y**E friends that gild my humbler way!  
Ye stars that brighten year by year!  
I know your hearts are with him here  
Who seeks to tread a wider sphere;  
I know the words that ye would say.

And thou, O friend! I have not seen!  
Whose hand has never grasped my own,  
Whose ear has never caught a tone  
From lips of mine, to whom I'm known  
In thoughts, and not by form or mien;

May I not hope some passing tone  
May start thy sleeping memory,  
May bring some clouded joy to thee?  
'Twere sweet to know, though strangers we,  
Thy heart is chiming with my own!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

## THE HARVEST OF LOVE

FROM "THE CURSE OF KEHAMA"

**T**HEY sin who tell us love can die:  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of Hell:  
Earthly these passions, as of Earth,  
They perish where they have their birth.  
    But Love is indestructible;  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth.  
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times opprest;  
    It here is tried and purified,  
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of Love is there.  
Oh! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for pains and fears,  
    The day of woe, the anxious night,  
For all her sorrow, all her tears,  
    An over-payment of delight?

ROBERT SOUTHEY



## PEACE ON EARTH!

FROM "THE END OF THE PLAY"

COME wealth or want, come good or ill,  
Let young and old accept their part,  
And bow before the awful will,  
And bear it with an honest heart.  
Who misses or who wins the prize —  
Go, lose or conquer as you can;  
But if you fail, or if you rise,  
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!  
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)  
The sacred chorus first was sung  
Upon the first of Christmas days;  
The shepherds heard it overhead —  
The joyful angels rais'd it then:  
Glory to heaven on high, it said,  
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;  
I lay the weary pen aside,  
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,  
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.  
As fits the holy Christmas birth,  
Be this, good friends, our carol still:  
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,  
To men of gentle will.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR<sup>1</sup>

**C**OME, let us anew  
 Our journey pursue —  
 Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still till the Master appear:  
 His adorable will  
 Let us gladly fulfill,  
 And our talents improve  
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream;  
 Our time, as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away,  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:  
 The arrow is flown,  
 The moment is gone:  
 The millennial year  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

O that each, in the day  
 Of His coming, may say,  
 "I have fought my way through;  
 I have finished the work Thou didst give me to  
 do."

O that each from his Lord  
 May receive the glad word,  
 "Well and faithfully done!  
 Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne!"

CHARLES WESLEY

<sup>1</sup> Used much by the Methodists, and by many old-fashioned religious families, as a Watch-night Hymn at midnight, when the old year passes into the new.

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